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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS,
AND
THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

FROM the death of Suibne to the accession of Gillebride, father of Somerled, little or nothing is known of the ancestors of the Macdonalds. Gillebride was expelled from his possessions in the Scottish Highlands by the Danes and the Fiongalls, whereupon he took refuge in Ireland, and afterwards prevailed upon the descendants of Colla, to assist him in an attempt to obtain possession of his ancient inheritance in Scotland. Four or five hundred of these joined him and accompanied him to Alban, but he was unsuccessful and failed to secure his object. It was only after this, that Somerled for the first time, comes into notice. He appears to have been of a very different temper to his father. At first he lived in retirement, musing in silent solitude, over the ruined fortunes of his family. He, when a favourable opportunity presented itself, as already stated, placed himself at the head of the people of Morven; attacked the Norwegians, whom, after a long and desperate struggle, he expelled from the district; and ultimately made himself master, in addition to Morven, of Lochaber and Argyle. When David the First, in 1135, expelled the Norwegians from Man, Arran, and Bute, Somerled obtained a grant of those islands from the king. "But finding himself unable to contend with the Norwegians of the Isles, whose power remained unbroken, he resolved to recover by policy what he despaired of acquiring by force of arms;" and, with this view, he succeeded in obtaining, about 1140, the hand of Ragnhildis, daughter of Olave, surnamed the Red, then the Norwegian King of the Isles. The following curious account relating how Somerled secured the daughter of Olave the Red, is recorded in the Macdonald MS.:—"Olay encamped at Loch Storna, Sommerled came to the other side of the loch, and cried out if Olay was there, and how he fared? Olay replied that he was well. Ther. said Sommerled, I come from Sommerled, Thane of Argyle, who promises to assist you conditionally, in your expedition provided you bestow your daughter on him. Olay answered that he would not give him his daughter, and that he knew he himself was the man; but that he and his men should follow him in his expedition. So

Sommerled resolved to follow Olay. There was at that time a foster-brother of Olay's, one Maurice MacNeill, in Olay's company, who was a near friend of Sommerled; and when Sommerled brought his two galleys near the place where Olay's ship lay, this Maurice aforesaid came where he was, and said that he would find means by which he might come to get Olay's daughter. So, in the night time, he bored Olay's ship under water with many holes, and made a pin for each hole, overlaying them with tallow and butter. When they were up in the morning and set to sea, after passing the point of Ardnamurchan, Olay's ship sprung a leak, casting the tallow and butter out of the holes by the ship tossing on the waves, and beginning to sink, Olay and his men cried for help to Sommerled. Maurice replied that Sommerled would not save him unless he bestowed his daughter upon him. At last, Olay being in danger of his life, confirmed by an oath that he would give his daughter to Sommerled, who received him immediately into his galley. Maurice went into Olay's galley and fixed the pins in the holes which he had formerly prepared for them, and by these means they landed in safety. From that time the posterity of Maurice are called MacIntyres (or wright's sons) to this day. On this expedition Olay and Sommerled killed MacLier, who possessed Strath within the Isle of Skye. They killed Godfrey Du, or the Black, by putting out his eyes, which was done by the hermit MacPoke, because Godfrey Du had killed his father formerly. Olay, surnamed the Red, killed MacNicoll in North Uist likewise. Now Sommerled marrying Olay's daughter, and becoming great after Olay's death, which death, with the relation and circumstances thereof, if you be curious to know, you may get a long account of it in Camden."

On this point Gregory says, "It appears by no means improbable, too, that Sommerled, aware of his own power and resources, contemplated the conquest of a portion, at least, of the Isles, to which he may have laid claim through his remote ancestor, Godfrey. On these or similar grounds, Olave the Red, King of Man and the Isles, was naturally desirous to disarm the enmity, and to secure the support of the powerful Lord of Argyle, whose marriage with Ragnhildis, the daughter of Olave, about 1140—the first authentic event in the life of Somerled—seems to have answered this purpose. Of this marriage, which is lamented by the author of the 'Chronicle of Man,' as the cause of the ruin of the whole kingdom of the Isles, the issue was three sons—Dugall, Reginald, and Angus." In a footnote Gregory informs us that in regard to Somerled's sons, he follows "the Orkneyinga Saga, p. 383, which is very explicit, and is a better authority than the Chronicle of Man," which latter, adds a fourth son, Olave. In Skene and in the "History of the Highland Clans," he is said to have had another son, Gillecillum, by a previous marriage, while in Findon's supplementary sheet he is said to have a son, Somerled, from whom the MacIans of Ardnamurchan, and another Gillies, the latter obviously the Gillecillum of Skene and of Kethe's "Highland Clans," who, it is said, obtained Kintyre.

Olave the Red, Somerled's father-in-law, was, in 1154, assassinated by his nephews, the sons of Harald, who made a claim to the half of the kingdom of the Isles. His son, Godred the Black, was at the time in Norway, but hearing of his father's death, he immediately returned to the Isles, where he was received with acclamation and great rejoicings by the

inhabitants as their king. He apprehended and executed the murderers of his father. He had gone to Ireland to take part in the Irish wars, early in his reign; but afterwards returned to Man, and became so tyrannical, thinking no one could resist his power, that he soon alienated the insular nobility—one of whom, Thorfinn, the most powerful of the Norwegian nobles, sent word to Somerled requesting him to send his son, Dugall, then a child, who, being Godred's nephew, he proposed to make King of the Isles. The ambitious Somerled readily entered into the views of Thorfinn, who, having obtained possession of Dugall, carried him through all the Isles, except the Isle of Man, and compelled the inhabitants to acknowledge him as their king, at the same time taking hostages from them for their fidelity and allegiance. One of the Island Chiefs, Paul Balkason by name, and by some called the Lord of Skye, refused to comply with Thorfinn's demand, and, escaping secretly, he fled to the Court of Godred in the Isle of Man, and informed him of what had just taken place in the Isles, and of the intended revolution. Hearing this, Godred roused himself and collected a large fleet, with which he proceeded against the rebels, who, under the command of Somerled, with a fleet of eighty galleys, met him, and a bloody but indecisive battle ensued. This engagement was fought on the night of the Epiphany, and though neither could claim the victory, next morning a treaty was entered into, by which Godred ceded to the sons of Somerled, what were afterwards called the Southern Isles, thus dividing the sovereignty of the Isles and establishing them into two principalities. By this convention he retained for himself the North Isles and the Isle of Man, those south of Ardnamurchan becoming nominally the possessions of the sons of Somerled, but in reality of that warlike Chief himself, as his sons were all minors, he being naturally their guardian and protector. In spite of all these insular proceedings, and the changes of their possessions between themselves and among the immediate and resident chiefs, or native kings, the allegiance of all the Isles to Norway still continued intact. It is somewhat peculiar that Kintyre, a part of the mainland, should always have been included with what was called the South Isles; but it is explained as follows in a footnote by Gregory:—"The origin of this was a stratagem of Magnus Barefoot. After that Prince had invaded and conquered the Isles, he made an agreement with Malcolm Canmor, by which the latter was to leave Magnus and his successors in peaceable possession of all the Isles which could be circumnavigated. The King of Norway had himself drawn across the narrow isthmus between Kintyre and Knapdale, in a galley, by which he added the former district to the Isles." This anecdote has been doubted by some, but it appears in Magnus Berfaet's Saga, a contemporary work; and it is certain that, as late as the commencement of the seventeenth century, Kintyre was classed by the Scottish Government as one of the South Isles."

About two years after the above-named treaty was entered into, for some cause not clearly ascertained, Somerled invaded the Isle of Man with a fleet of fifty-three galleys, and after routing Godred, laid the island waste. Whether the invasion was in consequence of some infringement of the convention of two years previously, or in consequence of the insatiable ambition of Somerled, it is impossible to say, but the power of the King of Man was shattered so much, that he was obliged to pay a

visit to his rival in Norway, and to seek his assistance. He, however, did not return until after the death of Somerled in 1164, from which Gregory thinks it may be inferred that the latter had succeeded in extending his sway over the whole of the Isles.

Meanwhile Somerled was not idle. Malcolm IV. was now King of Scotland, and to him Somerled had early made himself obnoxious, by espousing the cause of his nephews, the sons of Wymund, or Malcolm Mac-Heth, to whom, on his first appearance, Somerled gave his sister in marriage, which unmistakably shows the opinion he held of the justice of Malcolm's claim to the Earldom of Moray, while it suited the Government to detain him for a time in prison, as an alleged imposter, though his claim seems now, on minute and careful inquiry by the best authorities, to be considered well founded. The enormous power and high position ultimately attained by this Island Chief may be inferred from the fact that he was enabled on one occasion to bring his contest with the King to a termination by a solemn treaty, afterwards considered so important as to form an epoch from which Royal Charters were regularly dated. He is again very soon in arms against the King, having joined the powerful party who determined to depose him and place the Boy of Egremont on the throne. He first infested various parts of the coast, and afterwards, for some time, carried on a vexatious predatory war. The attempt to depose Malcolm soon failed; but the King, convinced that the existence of an independent Chief like Somerled, was incompatible with the interests of the central Government and the maintenance of public order, requested the Island Chief to resign his possessions into the King's hands, and to hold them in future as a vassal from the Crown. This, Somerled declined to do, and boldly declared war against Malcolm himself, who prepared to carry out his intention against the Island King, by invading his territories with a powerful army called together for the purpose. Emboldened by his previous successes, Somerled determined to meet the Scottish King with a numerous army from Argyle, Ireland, and the Isles; and having collected them together, he sailed up the Clyde with one hundred and sixty galleys, and landed his followers near Renfrew, threatening, as the Chroniclers inform us, to subdue the whole of Scotland. He there met the Royal army under the command of the High Steward of Scotland, by whom his army was defeated, and he himself and one of his sons, "Gillecolane"* (Gillecallum or Malcolm) were slain. The remaining portion of his followers dispersed. "Sommerled being envied by the rest of the nobility of Scotland for his fortune and valour, King Malcolm being young, thought by all means his kingdom would suffer by the faction, ambition, and envy of his leading men, if Sommerled's increasing power would not be crushed. Therefore, they convened and sent an army to Argyle, under the command of Gilchrist, Thane of Angus, who, harrassing and ravaging the country wherever he came, desired Sommerled to give up his right of Argyle or abandon the Isles. But Sommerled, making all the speed he could in raising his vassals and followers, went after them; and, joining battle, they fought fiercely on both sides with great slaughter, till night parted them. Two thousand on Sommerled's side, and seven thousand on Gilchrist's side, were slain in the field. Being wearied, they parted, and marched off at the dawn of day, turning their

* *Halles Annals*, ad Annum 1164.

backs to one another. After this when the King came to manhood, the nobles were still in his ears, desiring him to suppress the pride of Sommerled, hoping, if he should be crushed, they should or might get his estate to be divided among themselves, and at least get him expelled the country. Sommerled being informed hereof, resolved to lose all, or possess all, he had in the Highlands; therefore, gathering together all his forces from the Isles and the Continent, and shipping them for Clyde, he landed in Greenock. The King came with his army to Glasgow in order to give battle to Sommerled, who marched up the south side of the Clyde, leaving his galleys at Greenock. The King's party quartered at Renfrew. Those about him thought proper to send a message to Sommerled, the contents of which were, that the King would not molest Sommerled for the Isles, which were properly his wife's right; but as for the lands of Argyle and Kintyre, he would have them restored to himself. Sommerled replied that he had as good a right to the lands upon the Continent as he had to the Isles; yet those lands were unjustly possessed by the King, MacBeath, and Donald Bain, and that he thought it did not become His Majesty to hinder him from the recovery of his own rights, of which his predecessors were deprived by MacBeath, out of revenge for standing in opposition to him after the murder of King Duncan. As to the Isles, he had an undoubted right to them, his predecessors being possessed of them by the goodwill and consent of Eugenius the First, for obligations conferred upon him; that when his forefathers were dispossessed of them by the invasion of the Danes, they had no assistance to defend or recover them from the Scottish King, and that he had his right of them from the Danes; but, however, he would be assisting to the King in any other affairs, and would prove as loyal as any of his nearest friends, but as long as he breathed, he would not condescend to resign any of his rights which he possessed to any; that he was resolved to lose all or keep all, and that he thought himself as worthy of his own, as any about the King's Court. The messenger returned with this answer to the King, whose party was not altogether bent upon joining battle with Sommerled. Neither did the King look much after his rain, but, as the most of kings are commonly led by their councillors, the King himself being young, they contrived Sommerled's death in another manner. There was a nephew of Sommerled's, Maurice MacNeill, his sister's son, who was bribed to destroy him. Sommerled lay encamped at the confluence of the river Pasley into Clyde. His nephew taking a little boat, went over the river, and having got private audience of him, being suspected by none, stabbed him, and made his escape. The rest of Sommerled's men, hearing the death and tragedy of their leader and master, betook themselves to their galleys. The King coming to view the corpse, one of his followers, with his foot, did hit it. Maurice being present, said, that though he had done the first thing most villanously and against his conscience, that he was unworthy and base so to do; and withal drew his long Xiam, stabbed him, and escaped by swimming over to the other side of the river, receiving his remission from the King thereafter, with the lands which were formerly promised him. The King sent a boat with the corpse of Sommerled to Icollumkill at his own charges. This is the report of twenty writers in Icollumkill, before Hector Boetius and Buchanan were born. . . . Sommerled was a well tempered man, in body

shapely, of a fair piercing eye, of middle stature, and quick discernment.*

Gregory, from the well-known character of the celebrated Chief, is disposed to believe in the account which says "that he was assassinated in his tent by an individual in whom he placed confidence, and that his troops, thus deprived of their leader, returned in haste to the Isles." He does not, however, adopt that part of it which states that Somerled was buried in Icolmkill. "Modern enquiries," he says, "rather lead to the conclusion that he was interred at the Church of Sadale, in Kintyre, where Reginald, his son, afterwards founded a monastery."

A recent writer, who claims descent for the Macdonalds from Fergus Mor, son of Eire, "who, about the year 506, permanently laid the foundation of the Dalriadic Kingdom of Scotland," sums up the character of Somerled thus—The family of Fergus Mor continued to maintain a leading position in Scotland, supplying with few exceptions, the line of Dalriadic kings, and many of the more powerful of its thanes, or territorial lords. Of the latter, the most historical, and, it may be truly added, the most patriotic, was a great thane of Argyle, who appeared in the twelfth century, called *Somhairle* among his Celtic kinsmen, but better known as Somerled, which was the Norwegian form of his name. During the tenth and eleventh centuries, frequent settlements were made by Norwegian colonists among the Celtic population of the Highlands and Isles of Scotland. Although, however, the evils of Northern rapacity and oppression were keenly felt, the Celtic element continued to predominate even during the most disastrous periods. At length a deliverer arose in Somerled, who was the son of a Celtic father, and a fair-haired, blue-eyed Norwegian mother. Few, if any, military leaders have left their marks more broadly or distinctly in Scottish history than he. This fact stands clearly out not only from the records of his career, preserved in authentic chronicles, but perhaps even more strikingly in the circumstantial traditions respecting him, which still exist in Argyleshire and the Isles. These traditions when compared with the well-authenticated records of his life, appear like the fragments of some history that had been written of him, but is now lost, and hence they serve to supplement attractively the curt and dry details of the old chronicles. Many of these traditions refer to the youthful days of Somerled, who appears to have grown up an indolent and handsome giant. His father, Gillebride, regarded with contempt the seemingly unwarlike nature of his youngest son, who occupied himself in hunting and fishing, whilst his brothers trained themselves to engage, as opportunities offered, in deadly conflict with their Norwegian oppressors. Somerled's indolent and pleasant time, however, was soon destined to end. His father, being driven from the hills and glens of Argyle, was compelled to conceal himself in a cave in Morven, and from that moment Somerled began to take serious counsel regarding the position of affairs with his youthful companions of the chase. He found them ready, and equally prepared to hunt the wild boar, or assault the dreaded Norsemen. Somerled's very nature thenceforward was entirely changed; he became a new man; the indolent dreamer was suddenly absorbed in the delights of stratagem and battle. He spoiled like the eagle, and had no joy so great as when in the act of rending the prey. His little band gathered strength as he went, and under his eye dealt

* Macdonald MS.; printed in the "Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis."

blow after blow on the bewildered enemy, until the Norsemen, whether soldiers or settlers, quickly abandoned garrisons and settlements in Argyle. They crowded into the Hebridean Islands, whither Somerled pursued them, capturing the Islands in detail, killing or expelling the invaders, and firmly establishing once more the old Celtic authority. Thus, on the ruin of the Norwegian power, Somerled built up his Island throne, and became not only the greatest thane of his family, but the founder of that *second* line of Island rulers, who, for nearly a period of four centuries, were occasional and formidable rivals of the Scottish kings.*

We have seen that Somerled, by Elfica or Rachel, daughter of Olave the Red, King of Man, had three sons, first, Dugall, ancestor of the Macdougalls of Lorn and Dunolly; second, Reginald, from whom all the branches of the Clan Donald with whom we have specially to deal in the following history; and third, Angus, who succeeded to Bute, and was killed in Skye with his three sons in 1210. One of the sons of the latter, James, had a daughter, Jane, who married Alexander, son of Walter, High Steward of Scotland, in right of whom he claimed Bute and Arran.

Besides the three sons of his marriage with Rachel, daughter of Olave the Red, Somerled had other sons, who seemed to have shared with their brothers, according to the then prevalent custom of gavel kind, the mainland possessions held by the Lord of Argyle; whilst the sons descended of the house of Man divided amongst them, in addition, the South Isles, as ceded by Godred in 1156. He is said by some authorities to have been twice married, and that Gillecologne, or Malcolm, and other sons, were by the first marriage.

It has never been disputed that this Somerled was the immediate ancestor of the family of Macdonald. The period immediately succeeding his death is historically very obscure. "A second Somerled is found apparently holding his place, and many of his possessions, during the first twenty years of the succeeding, or thirteenth century. This must either have been a son or a grandson of the other—most probably the latter, since Gillecologne, apparently the son of the elder Somerled by a first marriage, fell with him at Renfrew, and in all likelihood left the offspring, which bore the grandsire's name. This is the most feasible way in which the existence and the rule of the second Somerled can well be explained,"† The author of the Macdonald MS., in the Transactions of the Iona Club, who, however, cannot always be depended upon for accuracy, says that "after Sommerled, his son Sommerled succeeded him as Thane of Argyle; Reginald his brother, the Isles; Dugall, Lorn; and Gillies, had Kintyre, by the disposition of their father. Sommerled pretended that the people of Cowal and Lennox harried his lands of their store and cattle, and therefore made incursions on them, of which they complained to the King. Furthermore, he would have the lands which were left by his father to his brethren at his own disposal. The King sent the Earl of March with a considerable body of men against him, who was so favourable that he advised, at a private conference, that since he lost his affection for his brethren, by seizing on those lands which their father left them, he could not stand out against the King and them, and therefore that it was best

* "An Historical Account of the Macdonells of Antrim," by the Rev. George Hill, editor of the "Montgomery Manuscripts."

† Smibert's Highlanders.

he should go along with him, and he would procure for him the King's pardon and favour; so he did, and was pardoned by the King. Shortly thereafter he died, leaving two sons, John and Maolmory, who were both young. Of this John are descended the MacEans of Ardnamurchan. He was buried at Icollumkill. Reginald, his brother, became Tutor to John." Gregory says nothing about this second Somerled, but, at page 67, he correctly traces the MacIans of Ardnamurchan from John *Shrangach*, younger son of Angus Mor of Isla. The editor of Fullarton's "Highland Clans" considers the existence of this second Somerled "very doubtful." Skene, however, believes in his existence. At this time of day it is impossible to settle the point; but it is really of very little importance whether he existed or not, for even if he did there is no question as to his successors having become extinct soon after his own death.

Dugall, admitted by all the best authorities to have been Somerled's eldest son by the second marriage, succeeded to the Southern Isles and part of Argyle, if the Norse Sagas and native writers are to be credited, but his exact position has never been clearly defined. The records of the time are most confusing and obscure, but all are agreed that two or three of his line succeeded him, and there is no doubt whatever that his main line terminated in two heiresses—the daughters of "King Ewin," who, according to Skene, married, the eldest, the Norwegian King of Man; and the other, Alexander of the Isles, a descendant of Reginald. Gregory does not go at any length into this part of the history of the Island Chiefs—that of the immediate descendants of Somerled prior to the great expedition of Haco, King of Norway—beyond saying that "from King Dugall sprung the great House of *Argyle and Lorn*, patronymically Macdugall,* which, at the time of Haco's expedition, was represented by Dugall's grandson, Ewin, commonly called King Ewin, and sometimes erroneously King John," but Skene informs us, that the failure of the male descendants of Dugall in the person of Ewin, had the effect of dividing this great clan into three, the heads of each of which held their lands of the Crown. These were the Clan Rory, Clan Donald, and Clan Dugall, "severally descended from three sons of these names, of Reginald, the second son of Somerled by his second marriage." The Clan Dugall is generally, and, we believe, more correctly held to be descended from Dugall, the eldest son of Somerled himself, but our present object does not require to go into the discussion of that question, as we have only to do with the descendants of Donald, who was undoubtedly a son of Reginald, son of Somerled, Thane of Argyle.

Somerled was succeeded in his territories of Isla, Kintyre, and part of Lorn, by his son.

II. REGINALD, who assumed the title of Lord of the Isles, or received it from his followers; for at that time, whatever chief supported either party, when the possessions of Somerled were subdivided among his sons, was called by his supporters, King of the Isles. And we find that both Dugall and Reginald were styled Kings of the Isles at the same time that Reginald, the son of Godred the Black, was called King of Man and the Isles; and in the next generation mention is made in a Norse chronicle of three Kings of the Isles, all of the race of Somerled existing at one and the same time. From this Gregory infers "that the word king as used

* This family used generally the territorial surname of "de Ergadia," or "of Argyle."

by the Norwegians and their vassals in the Isles, was not confined, as in Scotland, to one supreme ruler, but that it had with them an additional meaning, corresponding either to prince of the blood-royal or to magnate. Many Seannachies or genealogists in later times, being ignorant of, or having overlooked this distinction, have, by means of the expression King of the Isles, been led to represent those whom they style the direct heirs or successors of Somerled, through his son Reginald, and who alone, according to them, bore the royal title, as holding a rank very different from what they actually did."

A most important change came over the fortunes of this family in 1220, when King Alexander the Second led an army into the district of Argyle, and for the first time annexed it decisively to the Crown; and, according to Smibert, expelled the second Somerled, who died soon after. Alexander, determined upon breaking up the kingdom of the Western Isles, and so reduce the power of its insular chiefs, confirmed in their possession on the Western shores all those who agreed to submit to his authority and consented to hold their lands direct from the Crown of Scotland. In place of those who still held out, he invited families from the adjoining tribes, and planted and confirmed them in the lands of the ancient possessors. It is about this period that Highland families first commenced to assume surnames, and about the time of this division of the territories of Argyle, that we find mentioned for the first time such names as the Macgregors, Macnaughtons, Macneils, Clan Chattan, and Lamonts. At the same time, Argyle, which extended much further inland than the present county does, was formed into a Sheriffship—the hereditary appointment being in favour of the ancestors of the present House of Argyle. The whole of Ergadia Borealis, or North Argyle, was at the same time granted to the Earl of Ross for services rendered to the King.

From Reginald, King of the Isles, sprang two great families, that of *Isla* descended from his son Donald, and therefore patronymically styled Macdonald; and that of *Bute* descended from his son Ruari, and therefore patronymically styled Macruari.* It appears that most of the descendants of Somerled had for a century after his death a divided allegiance, holding part of their lands, those in the Isles, from the King of Norway; their mainland domains, at the same time being held of the King of Scotland. The latter, whose power was now gradually increasing, could not be expected long to allow the Isles to remain dependent on Norway without making an effort to conquer them. The first footing obtained by the Scots in the Isles was, apparently, soon after the death of Somerled, when the Steward of Scotland seized the Isle of Bute. That island seems after this to have changed masters several times, and, along with Kintyre, to have been a subject of dispute between the Scots and Norwegians, whilst in the course of these quarrels the family of the Steward strengthened their claim by marriage in the following manner:—We have seen that Angus MacSomerled (who is supposed to have been Lord of Bute) and his three sons, were killed in 1210; nor does it appear that Angus had any other male issue. James, one of these sons, left a daughter and heiress, Jane, married to Alexander, the son and heir of Walter the High Steward of Scotland, who, in her right, claimed the Isle of Bute, and,

* Both the Macdonalds and Macruaries used the territorial surnames of de Yla, or "of Isla," and "de Indulis," or "of the Isles."

perhaps, Arran also.* This claim was naturally resisted by Ruari, the son of Reginald, till the dispute was settled for a time by his expulsion, and the seizure of Bute and Arran by the Scots. It has been maintained by some writers, among them: the editor of Fullarton's Clans, that Ruari was the eldest son of Reginald. Others hold that Donald was the eldest; and it is impossible now to say which is the correct view; but this is of less consequence, as it has been conclusively established that Ruari's descendants terminated in the third generation in a female, Annie, who married John of Isla, great-grandson of Donald of Isla, Ruari's brother, and direct ancestor of all the existing branches of the Macdonalds. Thus, the succession of the ancient House of Somerled fell indisputably to the descendants of Donald, son of Reginald, and grandson to the illustrious Somerled, Lord of Argyle, who became the most powerful, and whose territories were the most extensive, of all the Highland Clans, indeed at one time they were equal to all the others put together.

Roderick followed the instincts of his Norwegian ancestors and became a desperate pirate, whose daring incursions and predatory expeditions fill the annals of the period. He had two sons, Allan and Dugall, who settled down among their relatives of the west. Dugall joined Haco in his expedition against the Isles, and, in return for his services, obtained a considerable addition to his previous possessions, including the possessions of his brother Allan, called "Rex Hebudem," and died in 1268 without issue. Allan succeeded his father, but left no legitimate male issue, when his possessions went to his only daughter Christina, who resigned her lands to the king, and had them re-conveyed to her to strengthen her position against the claim of her natural brother, Roderick, who, however, appears to have come into possession probably on the death of his sister, as his lands are forfeited in the reign of Robert Bruce, in consequence of the share he took in the Soulis conspiracy of 1320. His lands were, however, restored to his son Ranald, who also had lands from William, Earl of Ross, in Kintail,† in connection with which he became embroiled with that powerful Chief; a feud ensued, which resulted in Ranald's death. In 1346 David II. summoned the Scottish Barons to meet him at Perth, when Ranald MacRuari made his appearance with a considerable retinue and took up his quarters in the monastery of Elcho, a few miles from the city; whereupon the Earl of Ross, who also attended in obedience to the King's orders, determined to be revenged on his vassal, and, entering the convent about the middle of the night, he killed Ranald and seven of his principal followers. Leaving no succession, his lands fell to his sister Annie, who, as already stated, married, and carried her lands along with her to John of Isla, of whom hereafter. According to Gregory, these lands comprised also the Isles of Uist, Barra, Eigg, Rum, and the Lordship of Garmoran (also called Garbhchrioch),

* "In the traditions of the Stewarts, this lady's grandfather is called Angus MacRorie, which, as I conceive, is an error for Angus MacSortie—the latter being the way in which MacSomerled (spelt MacSomhairle) is pronounced in Gaelic. That there was about this time a matrimonial alliance between the house of Stewart and that of Isla, is probable from a dispensation in 1342, for the marriage of two individuals of these families, as being within the forbidden degrees—Andrew Stewart's Hist. of the Stewarts—p. 433.—Footnote in Gregory.

† Charter of King David, 4th July 1342; and Robertson's Index, p. 48 David II.; also Origines Parochiales Scotiæ.

which "comprehends the districts of Moydert, Arasaig, Morar, and Knoydart," being the original possessions of the family in the North.* A charter was granted to the Bishop of Lismore, 1st January 1507 [Mag. Sig. L. xiv. No. 405], confirming two evidents made by Reginald in his lifetime, in which he is described as the son of Somerled, *qui se Regem Insularum nominavit Lord of Ergyle and of Kintyre*, founder of the monastery of Sagadull (Sadale), of the lands of Glensagadull, and twelve marks of the lands of Ballebeain, in the Lordship of Kintyre, and of twenty marks of the lands of Cosken in Arran, to the said abbey. He made very ample donations to the monastery of Paisley, that he, and Fonia his wife, might be entitled to all the privileges of brotherhood in the convent.† Of the principal events in the life of Reginald very little is known, and what can be ascertained is not free from uncertainty, for he was contemporary with Reginald, the Norwegian King of Man and the Isles, which makes it impossible to distinguish between the recorded acts of the two. Reginald was, however, without doubt designated "*dominus insularum*," and sometimes "*Rex insularum*," or King of the Isles, as well as "*dominus de Ergile and Kintyre*," under which title he grants certain lands as above to the Abbey of Saddell which he had founded in Kintyre. The author of "*The Historical Account of the Macdonalds of Antrim*," says at page 10, that Ranald, "although a younger son, became in reality the representative of the family, being not only popular in Scotland, but respected on the coasts of Ulster, where he appeared sometimes as peace-maker among the Northern Irish chieftains. If, however, he bore his character on the Irish coast, his sons occasionally came on a very different mission. At the year 1211, the Annals of the Four Masters and the Annals of Loch Ce, inform us that Thomas Mac-Uchtry (of Galloway) and the sons of Ragnall, son of Somhairle, came to Doire Chollum-Chille (Derry) with seventy ships, and the town was greatly injured by them. O'Domhnaill and they went to Inis Eoghain, and they completely destroyed the country.

He married a sister of Thomas Randall, Earl of Moray, and by her had—

1. Donald of Islay, his heir, from whom the Macdonalds took their name, and

2. Roderick, or Ruari, of Bute, whose succession and possessions we have already described, and whose issue terminated in Annie, who married John of Isla. According to the Macdonald MS. he had two other sons, Angus,* who had a son, Duncan, of whom the Robertsons, or Clann Donnachaidh of Athol, "and MacLulichs, who are now called in the low country Pittulichs." He had another son, John Maol, or Bald, who, according to the same authority, went to Ireland, and "of whom descended the Macdonalds of Tireoin" (Land of John or Tyrone (?).)

Reginald died in the 54th year of his age, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

* Highlands and Isles, p. 27.

† Douglas's Wood's Peerage, Highlands and Isles, p. 5.

‡ Major Mackenzie in his Mackenzie Genealogies, supplementary sheet, calls this Angus a natural son.

THE EARLY SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE,
WITH SEVERAL INCIDENTAL ALLUSIONS TO THE
REMARKABLE ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF THE UNFORTUNATE
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

By the Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., Inverness.

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PART II.

THE Prince became now really sensible that he was in a position of great jeopardy, and that something must be immediately resorted to for his safety. Time was rapidly passing away, and the encroachments of the vigilant enemy were becoming hour after hour more imminent. It was therefore requisite that a prompt determination should be come to as to the Royal fugitive's future movements. There the Prince stood, along with his friends, in deep meditation, in close vicinity to the place where he had first landed on the mainland. Lockhart, younger of Carnwath, young Clanranold, Æneas Macdonell, a banker in Paris, and several other devoted adherents were present, and a council was held as to what ought to be done. It was the Prince's own desire to betake himself to the Outer Hebrides, but his friends sternly objected, giving it as a reason that Government cruisers had been already ordered to scour all the lochs, bays, and channels of those regions, and that, in consequence, the chance of his being seized was much greater than if he remained on the mainland. The meeting pondered in deep suspense, and their almost unanimous decision nearly prevailed on the Prince to remain where he was, under the protection of his kind and faithful adherents. O'Sullivan alone objected, and eloquently insisted on the propriety of resorting to the Isles. He strenuously maintained that such was the only course that afforded any chance whatever of obtaining a vessel to convey his Royal Highness to France. The meeting became somewhat excited and warm on the subject; whereupon one of them addressed O'Sullivan, and openly accused him of gross mismanagement already in the Prince's cause. This was confirmed by a letter from Lord George Murray to Charles, dated at Ruthven on 17th April 1746, of which the following is an extract:—"I must also acquaint your Royal Highness that we are all fully convinced that Mr O'Sullivan, whom your Royal Highness trusted with the most essential things with regard to your operations, was exceedingly unfit for it, and committed gross blunders on every occasion of moment. He whose business it was, did not so much as visit the ground where we were to be drawn up in line of battle, and it was a fatal error to allow the enemy these walls upon their left, which made it impossible for us to break them; and they, with their front fire, and flanking us when we went upon the attack, destroyed us, without any possibility of our breaking them, and our Athole men have lost a full half of their officers and men. I wish Mr O'Sullivan had never got any other charge in the army than the care of the baggage, which, I am told, he had been brought up to, and understood. I never saw him in time of action neither at Gladsmuir, Falkirk, nor in the last, and his orders were vastly confused."

In this letter Lord George Murray made no secret of the estimate which he had formed of the Prince's advisers, and particularly of O'Sullivan. His lordship was greatly chagrined at the unhappy course which events had taken, but attributed the whole misfortune to the gross mismanagement of parties who had usurped an authority which they were unable to exercise with prudence. Lord Murray, disgusted with the whole proceedings, was determined to incur no more responsibility in a matter of such vast importance. He accordingly sent the Prince a resignation of his command, remarking that he hoped the great cause might still be attended with better success. He had no idea that the war would then be abandoned, seeing that nearly two thousand Highlanders and others had assembled at Ruthven, expressing a determination to stand steadfast to the cause of their Prince and country, and cordially to unite with chieftains and clansmen who might come forward to commence the campaign anew.

The Prince, as if diffident or ashamed to give prompt orders to the Ruthven friends to disperse at once, commenced to palliate matters, by stating that he was too powerless and weak to ensure success in the meantime, but that if he got safely to France, he would, no doubt, receive effectual aid in men and in money to enable him to maintain the struggle, until happily he might obtain the victory. His communication, though couched in pleasing and plausible terms, yet breathed an air of despondency; and his friends at once construed it, in the words of Chambers, "as the death-note of the war. Accordingly, taking a melancholy leave of each other, they dispersed—the gentlemen to seek concealment in, or escape from, the country, and the common people to return to their homes."

The Prince received Lord George Murray's letter by a messenger when in the midst of his deliberations with his friends at Borrodale as to his future movements. It is very probable that he would have shown it to those devoted adherents around him, if not to O'Sullivan himself, whose reputation as an officer was so sharply commented on by Lord Murray. Be this as it may, the Prince yielded to O'Sullivan's suggestion, and expressed a determination to seek refuge in the Western Isles. When the Prince entered the town of Inverness he met in private with several friends who were warmly attached to his person, and sincerely zealous in his cause. The Prince happened to state that he expected some French vessels to arrive on the West Coast with money and requisite munitions of war, but was at a loss how to procure a trustworthy person to fall in with these foreign ships and get some of these requisites privately conveyed to him. His Royal Highness was informed by Banker Macdonell that he had just seen a faithful, worthy Skyeman in town whom he considered a most suitable person for the purpose required, if he would engage to do it. The Prince expressed a desire to see him, whereupon, in a short space of time, Macdonell brought Donald Macleod of Galtrigal into the presence of his Royal Highness, who shook hands with the humble Hebridean, and spent nearly an hour in conversation with him in a close in Church Street, near the Gaelic Church, wherein, shortly afterwards, a number of poor rebels were imprisoned by the cruel Cumberland, and thence taken to the adjoining churchyard, where they were made to kneel down in rows, and were shot to death by a party of Cumberland's soldiers.

With the view of making a sure aim, the unfortunate Highlanders were fired at by the soldiers placing their muskets on erect stones, which are still left standing as monuments of this most heart-rending cruelty. Donald Macleod, who was an intelligent, enterprising man, was at the time in Inverness, loading a vessel with meal for Skye, and for other places on the West Coast. Owing to Donald's knowledge of the Western Isles, he so far yielded to the Prince's wishes, as to promise that he would accompany Banker Æneas Macdonell to Barra, to bring to his Royal Highness whatever money or despatches might have been left for him in that island.*

These proposals of the Prince with Galtrigal were not, however, put into execution, as soon thereafter the bloody engagement at Culloden took place, and nothing more was heard of Donald Macleod until the meeting of the Prince with his adherents at Borrodale, when his Royal Highness, as already stated, expressed his determination to resort to the Western Isles. In the midst of their deliberations Macdonell informed the Prince that Donald Macleod, whom he had seen at Inverness, had fortunately arrived with his vessel at Kinlochmoidart, and that of all men he knew, he would be the most suitable for conducting the intended cruise to the Hebrides. Chambers states that "a message was sent to Kinlochmoidart, where Donald now was, pressing him to come to meet the Prince at Borrodale. Donald immediately set out, and, in passing through the forest of Glenbiasdale, he encountered a stranger walking by himself, who, making up to him, asked if he was Donald Macleod of Galtrigal? Donald, instantly recognising him notwithstanding his mean attire, said, 'I am the same man, please your Highness, at your service.' 'Then,' said the Prince, 'you see, Donald, I am in distress; I therefore throw myself into your bosom, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man, and fit to be trusted.' When the old man, a year after, related these particulars to the individual who has reported them, the tears were streaming along his cheeks like rain."

The Prince then proposed that Donald should go with letters from him to Sir Alexander Macdonald at Monkstadt, and to Macleod of Dunvegan, soliciting their protection. Donald stared his Royal Highness in the face, and said, "Is your Royal Highness really in earnest in making such a mad request? The parties mentioned, you must be aware, are your enemies, and are at this moment employed in searching for you in the Isles and elsewhere." "Well, well, Donald," said the Prince, "all things seem to be adverse to me, but my good friend, you must at all events pilot me, and that immediately, to the Long Island." Donald at once replied that he was ready to be of any service to him in his power, and risk his very life in his behalf—but that he peremptorily declined to be the bearer of any message to "the two apostate Chiefs of Skye."

In order to put the Prince's plan into execution with all possible speed, the most expert seamen, and the most substantial boat in the place, were procured and equipped at Borrodale, in the bay of Lochnanuagh, near where the Prince first landed in Scotland. The office of Captain, or head-man, was delegated by all to Donald of Galtrigal,

* The reader will find an account of Donald Macleod's character and history in the *Celtic Magazine*, No. 19, and page 243.

who was to steer and pilot the frail barque on their perilous voyage. On the evening of the 26th April the Prince, O'Neal, O'Sullivan, and others, seated themselves in the boat, but Donald Macleod, leaning on the gunwale before entering the boat, and casting his eyes on the murky clouds all around, addressed the Prince, and said, that the evening looked gloomy, that he did not like the bright, but black-edged openings in the clouds, that he was certain that a storm would arise, and that it was more prudent by far to remain for the night where they were. Charles absolutely refused to do so, and said, "No, no, Donald, we will push on, and dread no evil, while you sit at the helm." On hearing this, Donald, very much against his will, ordered the sails to be set, while he himself took his place at the helm. In a few minutes the boat glided swiftly along under a breeze which was portentously fresh. In less than an hour after starting from Lochnanuagh, a terrible storm arose, with thunder and lightning, and the crew of seven men besides the pilot, had more than enough to do to keep the boat from swamping. The crested waves rose around them like dark rolling mountains, and breaking into the frail vessel in gushing streams, gave very hard work to the crew to bale them out. Rain fell in torrents, and the brooding darkness, like a gloomy curtain of death, was momentarily illuminated by the bright flashes of lightning that darted from cloud to cloud around! Sorely did the Prince repent of his rashness and obstinacy in not yielding to the prudent advice of his sage and experienced pilot, but it was too late; and all that now remained was to try to make the best of it. They had no compass, no chart, and almost no hope of safety. They could avoid neither rock, nor island, nor shore, nor quicksand; but were compelled to dash on before a sweeping easterly hurricane, and to trust to Providence. The Prince, greatly impressed with the danger, frequently addressed the pilot, and said, "Oh! Donald, Donald, I fear that all is over with us, for this is worse than Culloden by far." Donald replied, that while they were afloat there was hope, and that He who had the winds and the waves under His command, was able to preserve them if they placed confidence in Him. Such was the case, for at day-break, much to their surprise, but at the same time to their great joy, they observed the hills of the Long Island straight ahead, and in less than an hour thereafter, they landed in a creek at Rossinish, on the east side of Benbecula, where they had great difficulty in securing their boat, and their lives. The natives observed their approach, and they immediately assembled, and heartily assisted the weary mariners by conducting them to a place of safety.

It is almost unnecessary to state that the departure of the Prince from Lochnanuagh, when it became known to the Duke of Cumberland, caused great consternation among the Royalists. They became mightily alarmed, not knowing what the consequences might be, should the Prince find access to the Highland chiefs and other adherents; for Cumberland was well aware, that although he was so far successful at Culloden, yet that there existed a desire among the Prince's friends to rally, and to commence the campaign anew. Cumberland therefore gave immediate orders to provide cruisers, sloops of war, and all available sailing crafts, to scour the Western seas, and to convey troops to the Isles, to search every creek and corner, to find the Royal fugitive dead or alive. On the mainland the most cruel and heart-rending atrocities were committed on the helpless

rebels! Men, women, and children were murdered in cold blood, and mercy was extended to none. High and low became the victims of these ministers of vengeance and bloodshed! Like fiends of darkness they traversed the country from end to end, while silence, ruin, and death followed in their train. Mothers and matrons, sons and sires, infants and aged, were promiscuously massacred, or banished from the smoking ashes of their burning dwellings. Thus cruelly pursued, they had no alternative but either to die of cold and hunger on the moors, or to perish in mountain recesses, and in the caves of the rocks. The rebel chieftains were doomed, as far as possible, to the same fate. The castles and strongholds of Cluny, Keppoch, Glengyle, Glengarry, Lochiel, and many besides, were plundered and consumed by fire. In short, the devastations committed by the English army were a stain on humanity, and were so notoriously cruel that even the record of them will prove revolting in every age, and painful to every generous mind.

Meanwhile Prince Charles had commenced his wanderings in the Western Isles, where he ran many hair-breadth escapes for his life. It is unnecessary here to attempt a narrative of his various movements and shiftings during his hazardous pilgrimage in the Long Island.* He had been but a short time on shore, when many steadfast friends came to know that his Royal Highness was on their island in close concealment. His whereabouts was always known to some one or other of his faithful adherents. His wellwishers in the place were somewhat numerous, and of considerable influence, such as Clanranold and his brother Boisdale—Banker Macdonell, Mr O'Sullivan, Mr O'Neal, the Macdonalds of Baile-shear, and his own "fidus Achates," Donald Macleod of Galtrigal. Clanranold and his excellent lady had selected twelve trusty men, whom they had sworn to fidelity, to act as messengers and guides to the Prince on every emergency when their services were required.

Day after day increased the danger, and rendered the situation of the Royal fugitive more and more critical. Of all this he was fully aware himself, yet he appeared cheerful and apparently unconcerned in the presence of his friends. By sea and land every imaginable precaution was taken, by commands from headquarters, to prevent the possibility of his escape. Every ferry was guarded, and every pass and highway had sentinels planted in them. About two thousand regular troops and militiamen were posted in suitable localities. In short, the whole range of country was so thoroughly watched, that the least movement on the part of the natives could hardly escape immediate observation. The various lochs and bays by which the Long Island is indented, as well as the open Atlantic surrounding it, were so thickly studded with cutters and cruisers, frigates and sloops of war, that no craft, however small, could come to, or leave the island unobserved. At last the danger became so imminent that the Prince's friends held a consultation at Ormiclade, the residence of Clanranold, as to the adoption of some immediate steps for his preservation, if such could at all be effected. After weighing the matter in all its bearings, it was ultimately agreed upon that an attempt should be made to

* Such as desire full information on these points may consult Chambers's History of the Rebellion, Brown's History of the Highlands, Cameron's History and Traditions of Skye, Jacobite Memoirs, Culloden Papers, &c.

effect his rescue through the instrumentality of a young lady in the neighbourhood, viz, Miss Flora Macdonald of Milton.

Let us now leave his Royal Highness in his cave in the rocky recesses of Corrodale,* while we will attempt to delineate the early history and future movements of this interesting young lady.

Flora was daughter of Ranold Macdonald younger of Milton, in South Uist. She was born in the year 1722, thus being two years younger than the Prince. She was patronimically designated "Fionnghal nighean Raonuill 'ie Aonghais Oig, un' Airidh Mhuilinn;" that is, "Flora the daughter of Ranold, the son of Angus the younger of Milton." Ranold was a cadet of the Clanranold family, and not very distant in relation. Flora's mother was Marion, daughter of the Rev. Angus Macdonald, who had been for some years Parish minister of the Island of Gighu, but was afterwards translated to the Parish of South Uist. He was designated as "Aonghas Mac Uisdein Ghriminish," that is, "Angus the son of Hugh of Griminish," in the Island of North Uist. This clergyman was noted in the country as a man of extraordinary muscular strength. He had no equal in the place for lifting ponderous weights, or for any of those athletic exercises that required great bodily power. He was a mild, generous, and much respected gentleman. The natives of the Hebrides, or Western Isles, have always been noted for their attention and kindness to strangers, but the Rev. Angus Macdonald was proverbial in the place for his genuine Highland hospitality. He was known in the Island as the "Ministear laidir," that is, "The Strong Minister," and the name was by no means misapplied. This clergyman's wife was a talented and accomplished lady, and was a daughter of Macdonald of Largie, in the peninsula of Cantire. Flora was the only daughter of the family, but she had two brothers. The elder, named Ranold, was a very promising youth, who appeared to inherit no small portion of his reverend grandfather's activity and strength. He went to pay a visit to his relatives at Largie in Argyleshire, where the gallant youth lost his life by the bursting of a blood vessel. It is said that he strained himself by rowing a boat against an adverse wind, and this caused his own death, to the deep regret of a numerous circle of relatives and friends.

Flora's younger brother, Angus, succeeded his father in the tenement of Milton, while her mother, in the year 1728, married, as her second husband, Hugh Macdonald of Armadale in Skye, who was Captain of Militia in the Long Island during the Prince's wanderings there.† Had it not been for the friendly disposition of Hugh Macdonald towards the Prince, in all probability his Royal Highness could never have effected his escape from the Long Island. Through Hugh's instrumentality, which will be spoken of afterwards, the Prince was rescued, and it is thought that his friends, with all their ingenuity would utterly fail to devise any other plan or scheme whereby his life could be saved.

When Flora's mother, after her marriage, was to remove to her new

* The recess or cave where the Prince was concealed was about ten miles from Ormiclade, at a place called Corrodale, on the east side of Béinn Mhòr, near the point of Uisinish, and situated between Loch Boisdale and Loch Skipport. The spot is rugged, wild, and sequestered, and almost inaccessible to strangers.

† See account of Hugh Macdonald of Armadale in No. xx., page 305 of the *Celtic Magazine*. Armadale is situated in the Parish of Sleat in the south end of Skye, and is the residence of "the Macdonalds of the Isles."

residence in Skye, she most naturally desired to take her little only daughter along with her, but her son, Milton, who was then a full grown youth, and an active manager of the place, felt extremely reluctant to part with his sister. She was only two years of age when she lost her father, and six years at the date of her mother's second marriage. The mother and son could not at all agree as to the little girl. After much talking and reasoning with each other as to the removal of Flora to Skye with her mother, they utterly failed to settle the point between them. Seeing this they came to the determination to leave the issue to the decision of young Flora herself. Being therefore asked whether she preferred to accompany her mother to Skye or to remain with her brother at Milton? she smartly replied and said, "I will stay at Milton because I love it. I do not know Skye, and therefore do not care for it. I will therefore remain with Angus until my dear mamma come back for me."

Flora was a very interesting child, wise above her years, and more sage in her remarks than the generality of children. No doubt this arose from the circumstance of there being no children in the family at Milton to associate with, and of her growing up accustomed only to the conversation, ideas, and society of persons of maturer years. But notwithstanding all this, she was undoubtedly a very precocious little girl, who showed an early taste for what was beautiful, great, and grand in nature. She had been known to stand for hours admiring the battling of the elements, when the bold Atlantic rose in mountains of foam. It was a magnificent sight to behold the storm in its fury dashing on the western shores of the Island, and showering its briny spray over the length and the breadth of the land. The whole scenery of the place, together with the grandeur of the surrounding isles, could never fail to arouse feelings of admiration in the minds of either young or old, who possessed the sensibility of discerning the variegated beauties of nature. It is therefore a matter of fact that whoever is a worshipper at the shrine of Nature, will find ample materials wheron to indulge his fancy in the solitude of this interesting isle. On the west is the frowning Atlantic, with its chilling breeze and stern aspect, even in the heat and calm of summer; but alas! in winter the scene becomes mightily changed. Then the sleeping deep arises in fury, and dashes forward in monster waves, as if to engulf in ruin the intervening rocks and plains of the adjacent land. At times the lonely St Kilda is visible in the dim horizon like a huge beacon in the midst of the crested waves, or rather like an unearthly spectre rearing its hideous head amid the green billows, to foster the superstitions of a race of honest, simple natives, naturally impressible with such objects. Then turning towards the east, the Minsh, in its somewhat wide expanse, appears dotted with ships and crafts of all calibre and sizes, moving northward and southward in calm weather at the mercy of the tides. Further onward in the same direction, but at the distance of thirty to forty miles, Skye rears its misty cliffs; and high above the surrounding mountains, the rugged, serrated outlines of the Cuchullin hills may be seen darting into the clouds. On either side and all around the scenery is variegated, beautiful, and in some parts really magnificent.

In a beautiful poem, by "Fear Gheasto," entitled "Farewell to Skye," the chief mountain scenery of that far-famed Isle is exceedingly well de-

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scribed; and as it is the scenery which our heroine must have admired from her earlier years, a stanza or two of the poem may be given:—

FAREWELL TO SKYE.

Farewell, lovely Skye, sweet Isle of my childhood,
Thy blue mountains, I'll clamber no more;
Thy heath-skirted corries, green valleys and wildwood,
I now leave behind for a far distant shore.
Adieu, ye stern cliffs, clad in old hoary grandeur,
Adieu, ye still dingles, fond haunts of the roe,
Where oft with my gun, and my hounds I did wander,
And echo loud sounded to my "tally-ho."

How painful to part from the misty-robed Ceollin,
The Alps of Great Britain, with antlered peaks high;
Bold Glamaig, Coruisk, and sublime Scurragillin,
Make mainland grand mountains, look dull, tame and shy.
Majestic Quiraing, fairy palace of Nature,
Stormy Idrigill, Hailleaval, and cloud-piercing Stoor,
And the shining Spar-cave like some beacon to heaven,
All, I deeply lament, and may never see more!

Once more, dearest Isle, let me gaze on thy mountains,
Once more, let the village church gleam on my view;
And my ear drink the music of murmuring fountains,
While I bid to my old, and my young friends adieu.
Farewell, lovely Skye, lake, mountain, and corrie;
Brown Isle of the valiant, the brave, and the free;
Ever green to thy sod, resting place of my Flora,
My sighs are for Skye, my tears are for thee.

Such then is the locality where the interesting Flora first came into the world, and such the scenes on which she daily cast her eyes. She was, when a mere girl, not only a favourite with all the associates of her age, but likewise with every respectable family in the place. Being an only daughter, and left fatherless at so early an age, created no doubt a general feeling of sympathy in her favour. All this, together with her own agreeable conduct, although a mere child, rendered her proverbial in the place, and caused her name to be generally brought forward by parents in correcting their children, by asking them, "C'uin a bhios sibh cosmhuil ri Fionnghal Nighean Raonuill, 'n-Airidh-Mhuilinn?" "When will you resemble Flora of Milton!" She was naturally smart and active, clever, but cautious in her movements. She was invariably the principal or leader in every bracing game, or juvenile frolic in which she might have been engaged. In fact, as will be afterwards seen, this distinction was justly conferred upon her in more important matters during the years of her eventful life.

(To be Continued.)

DERMOND.

A TALE OF KNIGHTLY DEEDS DONE IN OLD DAYS.

—Tennyson.

BOOK I.—“AMONG THE ISLES OF THE WESTERN SEA.”

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Two galleys rode at anchor in the Bay of Rathlin two nights before the storm. The moon shed a pale lustre over the scene, casting long dark shadows from the vessels and glancing on the burnished shields that hung alongside. Skiffs and transports with muffled rowlocks were busily employed conveying men, provisions, and other necessities on board the vessels. The unusual hour and the mysterious precautions betrayed an important and secret expedition. The last boat had left the shore, and after discharging her little freight was drawn up on one of the decks. The oars were dipped, the sails hung loosely in the calm, and the galleys held their way northwards. Forward and forward they held, shaking the spray from their golden prows, and rising and falling on the long deep undulating swell, till no distinct conception of them could be had from the shores of Ireland.

A venerable old man paced the quarter-deck of the more royal galley, with his silvery locks streaming over the scarlet cloak that covered his glistening cuirass. He was a man about the middle height, but of sturdy build, and his strong arms folded across his swelling breast, gave a prominence to his manly shoulders and a leonine cast of strength to his whole frame. The healthy flush of youth still lingered on his aged cheek. The nose was aquiline, the mouth large but firm, and the dark-brown eyes, steady and searching, flashed beneath a broad, commanding brow.

His son—a tall, handsome stripling of about twenty summers—was in charge of the helm, and obeying the instructions of his father as to the course of the vessel. He had the aquiline features of the parent with the brown flowing locks of youth, and an arch expression of levity in his large laughing eyes.

Cyril—for that was the name of the hoary warrior—had now grown tired of the life led in the secluded castle of Rathlin, and had resolved upon striking an honourable blow with his old sword in a noble cause. Wearied with occasional raids across the English pale, and piratical attacks on English vessels, he had equipped these two galleys for the purpose of aiding Bruce in the struggle for Scottish Independence. Having finished this service, which was not by any means dictated through purely disinterested motives, he expected an equal return from Bruce in helping him to expel the invader from the shores of Ireland.

Scotland and Ireland had for some time been knit together with an affectionate sympathy, owing to the inroads and oppressions of their more powerful rival, and it was during the Scottish wars of independence that this sisterly sympathy became manifest in action. Bruce, in order to perfect his patriotic plans, was driven to the necessity of stipulating for

soldiers with the disaffected chiefs of Hibernia, and we afterwards find, when he had driven the English from Scotland, a conspiracy was set afoot for placing his brother on the throne of the Emerald Isle. This conspiracy, as we all know, culminated in an unsuccessful invasion.

Onward the galleys speed, sailing in the pale moonlight of the early morn, and still the sails hung loose, the wind was hushed, the sea rolled in its long deep undulations, the rowers pulled in their strength, and the song of the warriors rose loud and sonorous in the stillness. The shores of Kintyre were sighted as the day dawned, with a ruddy glow on sea and sky. And with the day there came a sudden change—the wind sprang in sweeping gusts, and the sea heaved with formidable breakers. The vessels rolled before the blasts, and the voice of Cyril was heard commanding his son in these words—"Steady, Clement! steady, good lad—not so near the wind—keep her up—now, that'll do—heave away," and forward with a swelling mainsheet the vessel swept, while the song of the warriors waxed wilder. Both vessels had to be kept well to sea, as the greater danger was nearing the coast, and no landing was attempted that day. At night they lay to, until the morning, and then made for the Kintyre coast. As they approached the shore a round hearty shout of exultation burst from the men-at-arms, and "Cyril" was the cry. Emerging from a creek, with the golden leopards gorgeously painted on their mainsails, were several large war-ships, and they bore down on the galleys of Cyril. The wily old warrior perceived the dangers of an unequal battle, and putting up the helm he sailed seawards. Cyril's galley being much faster than the auxiliary, he could easily have avoided an encounter, but not wishing to see his other galley borne down singly by the whole fleet of the enemy, he kept close by ready to lend assistance. For two full hours the chase was kept up with spirit on both sides, but as they sighted the shores of Jura, the superiority of the English vessels was becoming apparent. As all sailed with full sheets before a sweeping blast on a rugged sea it was a noble sight. A shower of arrows swept the deck of the galley behind, falling short of that commanded by Cyril. Soon both vessels were within bowshot, as the rowers had ceased from sheer exhaustion. Escape being impossible, Cyril resolved upon giving his enemy some trouble. The helm was put up, the sails were braced, and the two galleys bore down on their pursuers through thickening showers of arrows.

The two largest vessels of the English having outstripped their companions, the fight for some time did not promise to be so very unequal. As the ships approached each other a contention of war-cries rent the air. "A Soulis! a Soulis!" was answered by "A Cyril! a Cyril!" while "St George and Merrie England!" was received with "The Bruce and Independence!" "Down with the Tyrants!" As the vessels met there was a flourish of weapons, a din of threats, a breaking of oars, a smashing of timbers, a leaping of watery spray, and a reeling from the shock. Again they closed with a crash, and this time the grapplings were applied. With a rush the warriors closed in bloody strife, and yells and shouts resounded louder and louder as the conflict thickened. Soon the groans of the wounded and dying swelled the hideous discord. Spears clashed with shields and corslets, and great swords and mighty battle-axes went crashing through helmets and harness.

A sudden darkness threw a gloom over the battle. The sea was red

with blood and strewn with pieces of timber, and heavily armed warriors were sinking under their weight and clutching despairingly at the long oars. Exultation was now succeeded by despair. The decks were slippery with blood, and the men struggled in each other's clutches—some falling overboard in the arms of their antagonists, others being pitchforked into the sea with war-hooks and lances.

"Soulis to the Rescue!" resounded from the other vessels as they neared the battle.

"Clear away!" shouted Cyril, "Off with the grappling irons!"

He seized the helm with one hand—his long sword dripping from the slaughter in the other—and ordered the slaves to pull if they would escape drowning. The vessel shore away, and the tattered mainsail swelled with the gusty winds. A galley with torn sheet and broken oars made a feeble effort to pursue. Cyril's auxiliary was too much disabled to join in the flight, and the trusty commander, eager to facilitate his chieftain's escape, continued to resist the Englishmen, and fell a victim to his faithfulness, fighting for his lord and country.

After baffling his enemies, Cyril's troubles had not ceased. His vessel was sorely disabled, and there was a wild sea sweeping over her. The mast had gone by the board, and only a few oars remained. He was totally ignorant of the coast towards which he was sailing, and the night was wearing on. The storm increased and the darkness became thicker. Gleaming lights shot through the gloom, and the sea sparkled with phosphorescent light. Onward the galley drifted, while the waves were heard to dash in the distance. The storm redoubled, sweeping barrels, gear, and forecastle overboard, but fortunately some timber had been bound together to form a raft, and in spite of his remonstrances, Clement was bound to it by his father and cast into the sea. As the hulk swung ever and anon to the lee with a crash, the sea streamed in on the poor howling slaves at the rowers benches, who felt chill and hungry and utterly wretched. The men-at-arms, who had survived the battle, having thrown their arms and armour overboard, clung despairingly to the vessel with nothing to protect them from the cold but their leathern underdresses. Still the storm became louder, the waves were wilder, and the sombreness of the night grew more and more fearful, while the galley shook, groaned, rolled, and leaped. Onward she drifted unguided, for no one knew how or where to guide her. These brave men, so lately triumphant in battle, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes clung more desperately to the hulk, and cried in their agony, while every groan and threat that rose from the slave benches, sent thrills of horror through their breasts. The slaves clanked their chains, insanely dashed their heads against the timbers, and tore their flesh with their teeth and nails. None dared approach these wretches with their burning vengeance nursed through long years of agony and wrong, lest in their rage the war of men should succeed the war of elements. Still the galley drifted onwards, the huge waves straining and making her every timber creak.

Enveloped in the gloom, she stove upon a rock. It was then the terrific yells of the rowers rent the roaring sea and winds. For a moment all seemed calm and hushed, till the voice of vengeance should ascend and re-echo against the vaults of heavenly mercy; but it was no more than the despairing shriek of drowning men that rent and silenced the

midnight storm, and borne away it died among the waves and rocks. The timbers yielded to the shock, and were strewn on the face of the waters. The roar and dash and hiss of the surging breakers made the hearts of those who clung to the scattered pieces of the wreck shiver in their bosoms. Some were borne away in the trough of some huge wave, while others were dashed to death on the rocks, and the silvery crests of the breakers grew red and bloody.

CHAPTER III.

You have spoiled the feast, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.

—*Lady Macbeth (Shak.)*

JUTTING from the mainland, and coming in close proximity to the northern shores of Kerrera, is the promontory of Dunolly, terminating in a beetling crag of considerable height. At the period to which our narrative refers this great rock was crowned with a formidable pile of defended dwellings, having a tall, square keep frowning on the western verge, and commanding a fair prospect of woodland, mountain, and sea.

The day preceding the storm an English knight attended by a squire and a few jackmen arrived from the interior, made for the castle of Dunolly, and demanded an audience of John of Lorn. Being commissioned by Edward of England, Sir Guilbert de Valancymmer had little difficulty in accomplishing the object of his mission. The same day an envoy was sent to Dunkerlyne, and the split arrow was circulated throughout the Western Isles commanding the immediate attendance of Lorn's vassals at a council of war. The violence of the tempest, however, which broke out immediately after the despatch of the messengers, seemed to prevent the gathering of the chieftains. The omen was bad, and predicted disaster to the projected expedition; and as the day darkened with the increasing violence of the storm, Lorn became exceedingly uneasy. At length the arrival of Macnab with a large following from the interior served in some measure to abate his concern for the safety of his enterprise. Elated at the triumph of this chieftain in attending to his summons, notwithstanding the fearful nature of the night, Lorn resolved upon giving him a reception equalling in splendour the gallantry of his conduct. The board was furnished with the most costly dainties of the time, and all the preparation for a mighty feast were made.

The blaze of log-fire and flambeaux lit up the gloomy recesses of the hall where the guests were assembled. Brought out in strong Rembrandt-esque relief were the dark, almost Jewish, features of the Lord of Lorn as he sat clothed in all his melancholy magnificence at the head of his table. On his right was Macnab, a perfect specimen of the chieftain of his time—tall and powerful in frame, exalted and proud in bearing. Beside him sat Nora the daughter of Lorn, celebrated throughout the Isles for her distinguished beauty. On the other side of the board sat the envoy from the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Guilbert de Valancymmer, paying his utmost court to a somewhat shy and shrinking damsel, who did not seem to take the high-flown compliments of the English gallant with a very good grace. This was Bertha, the cousin of Nora and daughter of Sir David Macneill. Her appearance was not so prepossessing as that of her

noble cousin, but the extreme gentleness and modesty of her disposition fascinated and won the esteem, if not the love, of all who came in contact with her. In height she did not reach her cousin, yet from the exquisite symmetry of her form, which was gradually assuming the graces of womanhood, she did not look so slight and diminutive as she really was. Her cast of countenance had some claim to be called handsome, although wanting in the healthy lustre that suffused the cheek of Nora. In repose her eye, fringed with a beautiful black eyelash, was a fine, dreamy blue, but under the least excitement gleamed dark and lustrous. Her whole appearance indicated an extremely sensitive, but at the same time proud and noble nature full of delicate sympathies. Nora had a bright olive complexion, a slightly aquiline nose, a mouth like the bow of Cupid, and a pair of large Spanish eyes which shone brilliantly under her silken lashes and splendidly pencilled eyebrows. Swept carelessly back from a very unintellectual but charming forehead was a profusion of glossy black tresses having a slight inclination to curl. Her voice was perhaps rather masculine in tone, and her manner, betimes coquettishly insinuating, was generally haughty and overbearing, but the Celtic brusqueness of her behaviour merely served as a cloak to hide the tenderness of her feelings and the natural warmth of her heart, which she was frequently ashamed to express or show. She was strongly attached to her cousin, who heartily reciprocated the affection. A domestic bereavement had early thrown the cousins together, and nothing now seemed to be able to part them. Bertha's mother had died early, and since then her home on the solitary confines of Loch Awe had grown dull and uncomfortable. Her father, Sir David, was a stern, morose man, little fitted for a father or a companion. Ambition was a strong and irresistible passion with him, and during the unsettled state of the Kingdom of Scotland before the great War of Independence he was always from home and left his daughter pretty much to the care of a disagreeable and narrow-minded old nurse. A visit from Nora served to give Bertha a strong liking for her cousin, which she could not overcome, and having gone to see her in turn at Dunolly, where the round of festivities greatly pleased her, she had no desire to go back to Loch Awe.

The rest of the company was composed of the principal retainers of the Lord of Lorn, the followers of the chieftain Macnab, and the jackmen of the English knight.

For a time the banquet proceeded with much formality and silence. Macnab was tired and worn with his journey, the studied frivolity of the knight was indifferently relished, and the Lord of Lorn was still grumbling at the result of his summons; while the violence of the storm served to create a peculiarly depressing feeling in the breasts of all present. The personal qualities of all the absent chieftains were eagerly discussed, and of course Brian of Dunkerlyne came in for a more than ordinary share of the criticism. Macnab, who had no good feeling towards the inhabitants of the strong castle of Kerrera, persisted in wishing to know what could have hindered the most daring sailor in the Highlands from attending to the order of the split arrow, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of Lorn to the effect that the old sea-rover had other work of a difficult kind on hand.

"Nay, but," contended Macnab, "methinks, forsooth, if 'twere aught

else but the command of his liege lord, a ten-times stronger storm would never have kept him back."

"True, true in a sense," said Lorn, annoyed at the obstinacy of the chieftain, "but Cyril of Rathland first, the Bruce afterwards. Brian can attend to both of them, and trust me he will, and that faithfully."

"Assure yourself less strongly," said Sir Guilbert.

"For what reason, Sir Knight?" enquired Lorn rather sharply.

"Nay; I merely warn you. Far be it from my intention to do more."

"Come, Sir," said Lorn with evident irritation, "I will hear the reasons for your distrust. Brian of Dunkerlyne is a good and brave man, and one whom I greatly value. If you have aught of evil to say against him let me hear it."

"Fly not up in this fashion, my lord," returned the knight with a calmness of demeanour which contrasted strongly with the turbulence of the Islesman. "Had I known you should have resented my warning I would willingly have withheld it. My ignorance of the customs in the West here, coupled with my nationality, can be the only excuse for my indiscretion in referring to a matter which I considered it my duty to mention."

"You misunderstand me, good sir," said Lorn suppressing his passion. "I was merely annoyed at the thought of having so faithful a servant suspected."

"So faithful a servant!" exclaimed Macnab. "Have you forgotten everything, my lord? If this be so, we that have served you so well have little thanks or encouragement for our devotedness."

"I am misinterpreted on all hands," said Lorn knitting his brow at the recollection of Brian's former escapades. "The viking has been so very faithful of late I had almost forgotten his former treachery. 'Tis better, however, it should be forgotten. Besides, methinks he is much more settled now, and there is less fear of his bursting the bonds of fealty that bind him."

"You have said well, my good father," said Nora. "It is unjust to be raking up memories which should have perished long ago. Brian of Dunkerlyne, viking and robber though he be, is a faithful vassal and a noble chief. We have heard enow of his treachery which was no more than the infatuation of a stubborn and fiery youth. You must also remember that he has a son whom I have no doubt will some day succeed in restoring the honour and fortunes of his family."

"Ay, sweet Nora, he has a son," returned the islesman. "That may have something to do with the sentiments you have just given expression to."

"You wrong me," said Nora leaping from her seat, her face suffused with blushes. "I will not bear to be thus openly insulted even by my father."

"So saying she left the hall followed by Bertha who exclaimed as she rose to go, "Cowardly insinuator, you shall yet be called to make good your words."

At the same time a vivid flash of lightning lit up the angry faces of the guests, a peal of thunder went rumbling over head, and a wild gust of wind made the towers and battlements of Dunolly quiver to their foundations. A grim aspect was now given to the festivities, and it was some time

before the guests could recover from the shock. Lorn wildly attempted to laugh the incident out of countenance, but the fearful silence which took possession of the hall made the fury of the storm more awful to be listened to.

"Is not this Cyril the uncle of old Brian?" enquired Sir Guilbert anxious to break the oppressive monotony.

"Assuredly," said Lorn.

"Is not that something to fear?"

"Nay; he knows it not. Cyril of Rathland is merely known to him as the slayer of his father Francis."

"Cyril the slayer of his own brother!" exclaimed De Valancymmer. "The curse of Cain be on him, and on the jackanapes of a son who should wince at the thought of revenge."

"As you say," said Lorn.

"Amen!" said Macnab.

"Come, my gallant guests," said Lorn, "an end of this subject. Fill me a bumper to the health of King Edward, and let's drink confusion to the rebels. Death to the heretic!"

The wine, which had almost remained untouched during the early part of the evening, now circulated more freely and the guests grew merry. The night wore on. The morning stole quickly on the revellers. The harpers were called in to sustain the mirth, and the wild ecstasies of song and wine served to dissipate the former gloom.

In the midst of revelry it was announced that a storm-tossed galley had found its way into the bay beneath the rock, having apparently been driven there for shelter by the violence of the storm.

"Go," said Lorn, "bring them hither whoe'er they be. They'll share the hospitality of a Highlander's hearth. Fill high the golden cup of Somerled and hang another haunch of beef upon the spit. Come, make merry all. Fill your flagons to the brim and pledge me the weel of the wanderers."

Just as the cups were emptied Dermond of Dunkerlyne was ushered into the hall to the disappointment and chargin of Macnab who scowled and exclaimed—"Was it wind or will that brought you so late to our gathering?"

"Both of them," returned Dermond. "Who save a land prowler would be frightened for a storm when duty forbade him to fear?"

"Do you insult me?" exclaimed Macnab, biting his lip.

"Just as you take it," returned the youth.

"None of this in my presence," said Lorn, "if you regard your safety. This is my hall, and neither insolence nor violence can pass current here. Have at least respect if you have no fear."

"My duty to your lordship," said Dermond, "but even here, I may say, honour is free from impeachment, and insult cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged."

Macnab scowled.

"Come, sir youth," said Lorn, "the faithful Macnab did but jest."

"If so, I forgive him."

"Here, then, you shall have a seat at our board next to the noble Macnab," said Lorn. "Fill a bumper to the health of the young chief of Dunkerlyne."

"Pardon me," said Dermond, "but if my father is not here I must go. I fear the violence of the storm, and must instantly take measures to secure his safety."

"A noble youth!" exclaimed Sir Guilbert. "Happy the father with so brave a son. Come, sir chieftain, you will pledge me this bumper to the safety of your noble father, Brian of Dunkerlyne."

"Nay," said Lorn, "we assure you of his safety. Moreover, let no man say that so gallant a youth went on so hazardous an expedition, or visited his liege lord on so stormy a night without partaking of his hospitality. Come, sir, be seated until we pledge you right royally. Here, by the brave Macnab, you have a seat."

"Excuse my want of ceremony," said Dermond, "but my vow forbids it. Above all, my lord, remember the feud that exists between the house of Dunkerlyne and the chieftain on your right."

"Tush!" said Lorn. "Here is your place; be seated."

"What!" exclaimed Dermond, "Sit at your board with a skulking Macnab! God save me from a dishonour so great. And to sit beneath the chief of that clan, I should resent the proposal as an insult were it not that my liege lord is incapable of malice towards one of his faithful vassals. No, my lord, I must go. Meanwhile, farewell!"

Having said this Dermond made towards the door of the hall, but Lorn and Macnab started up at the same time and signed to the attendants to detain him.

"Off with your menial hands," said the youth, drawing his weapon and making the attendants stand aghast.

"What!" he continued, turning to John of Lorn, "Am I to be thus insulted by your very servants? Does my liege lord call for so mean a measure, and that at the instigation of a Macnab? Violence and insult to a son of Dunkerlyne in the hall of Macdougall? Let no man be so rash! If anyone desires to stop me it must be Macnab. Let him not foolishly imagine that the menials of Lorn will form a cloak to his treachery. Villain as he is, he shall yet answer for his conduct."

Here Dermond lifted the hilt of his sword in his left hand, and shook his fist in the face of Macnab, who again started up, clutched his claymore, and glared at the angry youth.

"Draw!" said Dermond, his gleaming sword still quivering in his passion-stricken hand. "I have hitherto refrained from striking, but I can bear it no longer. I will instantly be revenged for a thousand insults. Draw, you trembling, cowardly jackanapes. Big and strong though you be, my blood is young and my heart is steeled with the sense of right. Have at you, sir chief."

At the same time Dermond advanced to where Macnab stood, and struck desperately at him. By this time, however, Macnab had bared his weapon, in time to guard the blow aimed by Dermond at his head. Returning the blow with as much strength and dexterity as he could, Macnab made a thrust which started the guard of Dermond and drew fire from his steel breastplate. The hot blood tingled in the cheek of the youth at the thought, but as yet no harm had been done, and striking down the sword of Macnab, he made a frantic attempt to disarm him.

Consternation prevailed in the hall, and Lorn called for the termination of the fight by the interference of the attendants; but to no purpose.

Most were bent on seeing the conflict fairly fought out. The combatants were almost equally wrong in their behaviour, and although the youth fought at a disadvantage so far as years and experience were concerned, his audacity and skill evoked general admiration; and everyone stood back while the fight went on. Two or three times a bench or a table came to grief in the contest or interfered with the free play of the weapons, but the daring of the youth and the coolness of the veteran were not much affected by the circumstance. Some cried for an adjournment to the court-yard, and others wished for a postponement until the contest could be carried out under the proper rules of their barbaric chivalry. But all such advice was unheeded, and the chieftains still kept at it in the dim light of the feasting chamber. The clang of the swords echoed against the roof, and the sparks flew from every thrust, cut and guard like fire-flies in the gloom. Macnab hissed in his anger, and Dermond glared at his bearded and powerful opponent.

For a time the two combatants rested on the upper guard, and eyed each other like wild cats. Feint and stamp were brought into requisition in vain. The strength of the youth was still good, and Macnab, although slightly ruffled at the sustained ardour of Dermond, kept well on guard without attempting to steal a cut lest he should suffer by the smartness of his adversary. This could not continue long, however, and Macnab was determined to end the fight. He guarded carelessly and struck desperately. Dermond parried every stroke and gave a few well-timed thrusts in return. The blood had now burst from a vein in Macnab's neck, and a shout of almost universal exultation rang against the oaken rafters. Macnab grew pale and mustered up more courage. Dermond grew more confident and less careful, and twice or thrice Macnab's claymore had splintered the links of his mail shirt. An intense silence now prevailed as Macnab was gaining ground, while Dermond's strength flagged. The red-bearded chieftain advanced rapidly on Dermond, and after a few dexterous movements sent the sword of the youth into splinters, and wounded him slightly on the right shoulder. Dermond drew his dirk and thrust madly at Macnab, who received a fearful wound in the throat. Macnab fell back into the arms of an attendant, while Dermond was seized and borne off to the dungeons.

During the uproar Nora and Bertha had rushed into the hall and were silent but anxious spectators of the combat. No man was more celebrated throughout the Western Highlands for his swordsmanship than the chief of the Macnabs, and consequently great fears were entertained for the safety of Dermond, whose courage and prowess were greatly admired. Nora, however, was rather indignant at his violence, and darted a fiery look of reproach at him as the attendants dragged him away. Dermond did not notice this glance from the famous beauty of the Western Isles, but a shriek from Bertha went thrilling through his heart like a cold and gleaming knife, and that pale face and wildered aspect haunted him like a weird and dismal dream.

(To be Continued.)

THE EDITOR IN CANADA.

II.

AFTER sending off my last letter, I met several North country gentlemen in Pictou, who hold high positions in the Dominion. One of these is a gentleman from Castle Street, Inverness, now Senator Grant. I enjoyed his hospitality, and obtained from him what I enjoyed even more than his very fine Scotch whisky, viz., two recent numbers of the *Inverness Courier*, in one of which, I read a well-written and sensible article, showing up the anti-Highland members of the Town Council who oppose the decoration of the New Town Hall Windows with the Arms of the Highland Clans.

Another Highlander I met in Pictou was Colin Mackenzie, a gentleman possessed of considerable property, including the principal Hotel in the town—the St Lawrence,—kept by another Highlander, Malcolm Morrison, originally from the Island of Lewis. Mackenzie's grandfather emigrated soon after the arrival of the ship *Hector*, in 1773, and came from a place then pretty thickly populated, but now without a house in it, the district of Andrarry, in Gairloch. Another Mackenzie, in good circumstances, whom I met here was a Murdo Mackenzie, also from Gairloch, and a first cousin of the late Captain John Mackenzie, Telford Road, Inverness. He is over 80 years of age, and his father only died a few years ago, 99 years of age. Among this coterie, who came a long distance to see me, was a Captain Carmichael Mackay, whose grandfather, Roderick Mackay, a native of Beaulieu, was imprisoned in the old Tolbooth of Inverness many years ago for smuggling.

I received the following account of Roderick, who, with his family, came out in the ship *Hector* to Pictou, where many of his descendants are now in prosperous circumstances. He was a blacksmith by trade, and some time after he came to Nova Scotia, secured the important position of chief of the blacksmith works in Halifax dockyard. In going to Halifax, he and his wife had to travel on foot, through the forest, the journey being made more difficult of accomplishment owing to the fact that they had to carry two young children with them. Under his direction, while holding this position, was made the great chain, which, during the war, was stretched across the harbour of Halifax to keep hostile ships from entering. Roderick was a thick-set, strongly-built Celt, distinguished for activity, determination, and fertility of invention. An interesting story is related of his quondam sojourn in Inverness prison on the occasion above referred to. The gaugers seized some of Rory's illicit whisky, upon which he "gave a good account of them," and liberated his "barley bree." For this he was captured, and lodged in the old prison of Inverness. His free-born spirit, naturally chafed under such indignities and restraints, especially in such a good cause as the hero considered himself engaged in, protecting his own property, and he soon set about concocting means of exit. He soon ingra-

tiated himself with his gaoler, and one day he managed to send him out for a supply of ale and whisky, such things being freely admitted into such places in the good old days—and the gaoler could take his glass too from all accounts. Returning with the ale in one hand and the whisky in the other, Rory discovered his opportunity, slipped out smartly behind him, closing the door after him, locking it outside, at the same time carrying off the key, which is still preserved by his descendants in Pictou. These feats secured for Rory an honourable place in the hearts of his countrymen here, and made him a perfect idol amongst them, though probably the Inverness gaoler and his friends looked upon the affair in a very different light. Several other feats of great prowess, which he performed in his adopted country, are still told of the famous Rory Mackay; but my space does not at present admit of further record.

Some of these fine old fellows came nine miles to see a Highlander from the old country. The place is full of men whose ancestors left their homes in Kintail, Lochbroom, Gairloch, Poolewe, and Lochcarron, in impoverished circumstances, but who themselves are now in comfort and even affluence, possessing lands and means of their own.

Having parted with these warm-hearted fellows, I was driven out several miles into the country, by Captain David Crerar, to see the largest Tannery in Nova Scotia, owned and carried on by John Logan, a Highlander from Sutherlandshire. His grandfather was a stone mason at Bonar Bridge, and came out here in 1806. His father, when very young, worked at the Cotton Mills, the ruins of which are still to be seen at the roadside as you go from Bonar Bridge to Dornoch. He became a plasterer and small farmer in this country, and had four sons, all of whom are in good positions. One of these, John, started the Pictou Tannery in 1849, with only two pits. It has since grown to one hundred and twenty, and is a sight well worth going a long way to see. He turns out an average of 3,200 hides of sole leather per annum, representing over £40,000 in value. One pile of bark which I saw, alone cost over £2,600, while an equal quantity lay in smaller piles about the building; and this quantity, value over £5,000, is consumed annually in the works. All the leather manufactured is sold in the Dominion at from 10d to 1s per lb. The engine, 25 horse power, is kept going by the spent bark, which is carried to the furnace from distant parts of the building by a most ingenious, self-acting contrivance. The whole place is a perfect model of convenience and neatness, and the arrangements do great credit to the ingenuity and enterprise of this self-made, well-to-do Celt, whose place of business has become the centre of a great industry. I have seen, during the short time I was there, dozens of farmers coming in from all parts of the country, with cart-loads of bark, for which they get the cash in return from Mr Logan, to take home with them; and, although he has no competition worth mentioning, he pays them a sufficient sum to make it worth their while to work at it, else he would have to go without what is, of course, an absolute necessity for his successful enterprise. A brother, Dougall, keeps a large shop close to the tannery, and is in a good position, worth a considerable sum of money.

Parting with my good friends in Pictou, who, even in the short time I was there, became numerous, I took train to New Glasgow, with one of the leading barristers of that town, a Gaelic-speaking Highlander, named

Duncan C. Fraser, whose ancestors came from the county of Inverness. Having spent a few days with him, he introduced me to several good Celts, and drove me through some fine Highland settlements in the country. My friend had been in Parliament, and was a Member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, and is, altogether, a worthy representative of his clan and country. Here I also met an Invernessian, Daniel M. Fraser, son of Hugh Fraser, farmer, Clunes, Strathdearn, who, I was glad to find, occupied the responsible position of agent in New Glasgow, for the Pictou Bank, a prosperous and thriving institution. Mr Fraser had also charge of the agency at Stellarton, an important branch, among the great coal mines, a few miles away. Indeed, the Frasers are at the same time, numerous and prosperous in New Glasgow, and any Highlander coming among them will meet with a hearty and very warm reception.

But more interesting to me than all my other discoveries as yet on this Continent, was finding a representative of the famous pipers and poets of Gairloch, in the person of John Mackay, who occupies the most honourable and prominent position in this thriving town—that of Stipendiary Magistrate. His great-grandfather was the celebrated blind piper of Gairloch, a sketch of whose life, with specimens of his poetry, is given by the late John Mackenzie in the "*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*." About four years ago a paragraph appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* making enquiries as to whether any members of this distinguished family of pipers were yet alive, but no answer was received. The only thing known about them was that one of them, the grandson of the famous *Piobaire Dall*, and the last male representative of the race in Gairloch, emigrated to some part of America, in 1805, and carried with him more *Ceol mor* or *Piobaireachd*, than he left behind him among all the pipers of Scotland. At this time, John, who is now in his 86th year, was 12 years of age, and even now he remembers almost every prominent stone and tree in the parish, to say nothing of the lakes, rivers, mountains, and valleys. His father continued to play the national instrument all his life, and died a very old man. His elder brother, Angus, also played marches, reels, and strathspeys, but *piobaireachd* not being appreciated in the land of his adoption, he practised that higher class music but little, and was not, therefore, up to the family standard of excellence in that department. He died a few years ago, when nearly one hundred years of age. John himself also learned to play; but at the age of eighteen he finally gave it up, so that now not one of this celebrated family keeps up the name and reputation of the family, though several of the descendants of this fine race still exist—many of them in good circumstances—on this Continent. I spent a whole evening with this fine old Highlander, who still speaks the purest Gaelic, while his English strongly smacks of the peat and the heather. His intellect is quite unimpaired, and he is admitted on all hands to be the ablest and most independent judge in the whole Province of Nova Scotia. He was in a perfect ecstasy of joy when talking over his recollections of his native parish and of the people he remembered, but of whom hardly a soul now survives. The whole thing seemed as if a ghost had risen from the grave. He talked of things long ago as if they were but of yesterday; and I parted with him with very mixed emotions.

I must now carry you with me on a visit to a Highlander of a very

different but equally genuine stamp, and better known to the reader, the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, who lives at Springville, ten miles from New Glasgow. Having heard that I was there, he sent up his machine on Saturday to take me down to his place. I was only too glad to have the opportunity of visiting this excellent Celt and Gaelic scholar, though it happened to be his communion week, which made it more inconvenient for him, and, in all the circumstances, less attractive for me. On my arrival, I found him well housed, in a most beautiful locality, in the centre of a wide district, all settled by Highlanders, most of whom, I found, came from the parish of Urquhart, in the county of Inverness, while a few families of Macleans, Mackinnons, and Macquarries, I found to be descendants of emigrants from the Island of Rum—in all about 200 well-to-do families. I attended divine service on Sabbath, and found at the English service about 700 of a congregation, in a neat, comfortable church listening to a well-reasoned, neatly-delivered sermon. Of these, about 300 were communicants; but, after the sermon was over, I left and went to a contiguous hall, where a neighbouring minister, the Rev. Alex. Maclean, was preaching to a large Gaelic congregation, in the purest and most unctuous vernacular. I felt how great a pity it was that we could not have such a fine preacher, getting a good stipend at home, in place of some of those mongrel, so called Gaelic preachers we have in many places in the Highlands of Scotland. Mr Maclean is really a first-class Gaelic preacher, and uses the language with great fluency and power. He was born where he is now settled, but was for several years in charge of a Highland congregation in Prince Edward Island. His father emigrated from Glen Strathfarrar, in Strathglass—now as celebrated for its deer as it was of yore for the fine fellows it sent to the Church, and to the defence of king and country. Having seen these meetings of my countrymen, I would not have missed them for a great deal. Imagine nearly 200 carriages, four-wheeled, scattered all about outside the church. It was such a sight as I never saw, and never could have seen in the Highlands; yet here there is hardly a family which does not drive to church, and market, in a nice light "waggon" or carriage; but, in spite of all this, mistaken people at home, will advise the poor crofter not to emigrate to a country where such things are possible to those who came out here a few years ago in a state of penury and want.

The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair is really most happy and comfortable in his surroundings, and all he seems to want to make him as completely happy as this world can, is to have at the head of his household gods, a better half, congenial to his cultivated tastes; though at present his mother, a fine old lady, the daughter of the Bard of Coll, and a walking Celtic Encyclopædia, keeps house for him, and presides at his hospitable table. But while I envied him the beautiful situation of his manse, the happy concord of the large Highland congregation over which he presides, and the respect paid to him by every one in the district, I envied him his magnificent and valuable library ten times more. It is almost impossible to conceive that such a rare collection of valuable books could be met with in such an out-of-the-way place. I believe his collection of Celtic works is the best private one on the American Continent, and very few indeed can surpass it even at home. Among the works of the Gaelic Poets on his shelves, I found the first edition of Alexander Macdonald's Poems, which contains several pieces not suited for modern ears, and not included in the

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later editions; Ronald Macdonald's Collection, published in 1776, the first collection of Gaelic poems ever published; Gillies's Collection—now very rare—published in 1786; Smith's Sean Dana, 1787; John MacGregor's Poems, 1801; Robert Stewart's, 1802; a rare collection, published at Inveraray, without date, and containing "An Duanag Ullamh"; Stewart's Collection, 1804; the first Inverness Collection, 1806; Donald Macleod's, 1811; Turner's, 1813; P. Macfarlane's, in the same year; Ossian; Leabhar na Feinne; Sàr Obair nam Bard; and all the more modern collections down to the "Oranaiche," as well as the modern bards from Duncan Bàn down to the present day. In the Gaelic prose department, I noticed "An Teachdaire"; an "Cuairtear"; an "Gaidheal"; "Bratach na Firinn"; "Adhamh agus Eubh"; "Bliadhna Thearlaich"; Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands; all the Gaelic Dictionaries; and several Gaelic Grammars; while among English works on Celtic subjects there were Dr John Macpherson's Critical Dissertation, published in 1768, a rare and valuable work; the American Edition of Logan's Scottish Gael, published in Boston in 1833, and with which I was not previously acquainted; General Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders; Pattison's Gaelic Bards; Campbell's Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highlands; Dr Macaulachlan's Celtic Gleanings; Laing's Dissertation on Ossian; Robertson's Historical Proofs; Fullarton's Highland Clans and Regiments; Professor Blackie's Language and Literature of the Highlands; and numberless others, down to the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer"; the "Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands"; and the *Celtic Magazine*. Many people, possessing good libraries, know very little of their contents, but Mr Sinclair knows every word, and is a thorough master of every idea in his splendid collection. The only pity is that he does not give the benefit of his vast stores of Celtic learning to his fellow-countrymen.

But I have not, as yet, exhausted the reverend gentleman's treasures, the best of which still fall to be noticed. He showed me a rare collection of Gaelic poems made by a Dr Maclean, in the Island of Mull, as early as the year 1768, eight years before Ronald Macdonald's, the first collection ever published. John Maclean, the Bard of Coll (Mr Sinclair's grandfather), obtained this rare MS. Collection about 1816, from the collector's daughter, *Mairi Nighean an Doctair*. The majority of the poems in it are nowhere else to be found, and those in it which have appeared in printed collections are, Mr Sinclair informs me, far superior and more correct in the MS. This is natural enough; for the earlier a poem or song is taken down, the more likely it is to be correct, and as the original composer finally left it. The MS. contains about forty-eight pieces of considerable length, and several shorter pieces. Many of the songs are by Iain Lom, Eachainn Bacach, Iain MacAilein, and other well-known Gaelic bards. Another valuable Collection in MS. is one made by the bard, John Maclean, who travelled extensively over the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, between the years 1812 and 1816. During this tour he took down one hundred and ten Gaelic songs, forming the extensive MS. under notice. It contains pieces by Iain Lom, Eachainn Bacach, Mairead nigh'n Lachainn, and some by Mairi nigh'n Alastair Ruaidh, while there are several songs by Alexander Mackinnon, the warrior bard. Only a small portion of the valuable pieces preserved in this MS. have ever been published. My friend has yet a third MS. of Gaelic poems and songs

which he has prepared for the press ; and, I rejoice to find, will very soon be sent to the printer. I have heard several of John Maclean's songs sung throughout Nova Scotia, where they are very popular, while I had the pleasure of reading, or hearing read, many others ; and I have no hesitation in saying that the "Bard of Coll" deserves, and is sure to occupy, a high place among the Gaelic bards : and Mr Sinclair will be conferring a great boon on Celtic students, and on the admirers of Gaelic poetry, by placing his grandfather's Gaelic poems within their reach. Is it not marvellous to meet with such a Celtic Eden in such a place, and all accumulated by Mr Sinclair from pure personal love for the language and literature of his ancestors, of which he is himself such a perfect master ! It is a pity that our friend had not a wider field, and a greater opportunity for sharing his knowledge with others ; and I am selfish enough to wish that he would get, and accept, a call to a charge at home, where we would have a better opportunity of getting him occasionally to aid us, in rescuing from oblivion the history and traditions of the Celts, and of popularising the language and literature of the Gael. Having said so much about Mr Sinclair and his surroundings, it may interest the reader to learn that his father was a native of the parish of Reay, and a brother of the late Alexander Sinclair of Thurso, so highly spoken of in "The Ministers and Men of the Far North." His mother, presiding so gracefully over his household, is a daughter of the Bard MacGilleain, as already stated. He was born in Glenbard (so called after his grandfather), Nova Scotia in 1840, and was ordained a minister of the Presbyterian Church, in 1866. The Bard of Coll was born at Caolas, in the Island of Tiree, on the 8th of January 1787. He belonged to the Treisnish branch of the Macleans of Ardgour, and emigrated to Pictou in 1819, where he lived at a place called Barney's River for twelve years. He afterwards removed to the county of Antigonish, where he lived and died, at the place now known after him as Glenbard. Here he breathed his last, on the 25th of January 1848. His wife, Isabell Black, a native of Lismore, died two years ago, aged 91, and both now lie buried on the farm on which they lived. A handsome stone, seen from the train going from New Glasgow to Antigonish, with the following Gaelic inscription, marks their resting place :—

AM BARD MAC-GILLEAIN,
1787—1848.

Fhir 's a' chladh s' 'tha 'dol mu'n cuairt,
Stad is eisd ri guth bho'n uaigh s',—
Cum a' Ghaidhlig 'suas ri d' bheo
'S a cuid bardachd 's airde glòir ;
Do gach nì 'tha maith thoir gradh,
'S bi 'tigh'nan beo do Dha gach la.

BEAN A' BHAIBD,
1786—1877.

Earb as an Tighearna le d' nìle chridhe.

There is still another excellent Gaelic scholar in this district—the Rev. D. B. Blair, born in the county of Argyle, but when he was only twelve years of age his father removed to Badenoch. He came to this country a few years after the Disruption, where he is held in the highest estimation. He has charge of the congregation of Barney's River and Blue Mountain—is a true Highlander and Gaelic scholar, a fact well known to the readers

of the *Gael*, to which, during its existence, he contributed several articles. He is the author of several Gaelic poems, and of a new metrical translation of the Psalms of David, both of considerable merit; and is altogether a man and a Highlander, of whom, with many others here, we may well feel proud. I had only a very short stay with my reverend friend, and parted with him with many regrets. I had other engagements, however, which could not be postponed, so I was driven back to New Glasgow, from whence I found my way by rail—an extension of forty miles through a magnificent country, only opened a few days previously—to the town of Antigonish, where I had arranged to deliver a Lecture on “Flora Macdonald and Prince Charles,” under the auspices of the “Highland Society of Antigonish.” I had previously lectured in the city of Halifax, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency General Sir Patrick Macdougall, Commander-in-chief of Her Majesty’s Canadian Forces; of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia; and of the North British Society of Halifax, where I had a fine, select audience, including in addition, the Premier and Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia, the Archbishop, and most of the leading inhabitants. I had also lectured in Pictou and in New Glasgow, under high patronage, the Mayor of each place presiding; but the Highland Society of Antigonish paid me the compliment of turning out in their tartans and “Bonnets of Blue”; and, at a special meeting of the Society, held in the hall immediately after the lecture, I was elected, by acclamation, an Honorary Member of their patriotic Society—the highest compliment they had in their power to confer on a Highlander from home. Among those present, and in their Highland array, were the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the Society; Angus Macisaac, M.P. for the Dominion of Canada; Angus Macgillivray, M.P. for Nova Scotia; J. J. Mackinnon, ex-M.P.; Dr William A. Macdonald, a cadet of the family of the Isles; Archibald A. Macgillivray, a prominent Highlander; the Rev. Alex. Chisholm, D.D., D.P., Professor in St Francis Xavier’s College; Professor Macdonald; the Rev. Father Gillies; and many others not only of the best Gaelic-speaking Highlanders here, but the most prominent officials and the most influential citizens. There was one, however, who deserves more than a mere passing notice. Norman Macdonald, a native of Arisaig, came eight miles to see me. I found that he issued in 1863 an edition of Mackenzie’s “Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,” which was largely sold throughout Nova Scotia; but I was sorry to learn that, like most other ventures in the Celtic field, it barely paid the patriotic Celt, who ran the risk of placing this classical Celtic work within the reach of his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic. In this edition, Mackenzie’s Preface and Logan’s learned and able Introduction are left out, as also the Ossianic Poems at the beginning, Oran na Briogsa, and the whole of the Appendix and Glossary, while a sketch of John Maclean, the Bard of Coll, and a few specimens of his poems, as well as a few poems composed by others, are introduced. With the exception of a few typographical errors, inevitable in a work set up by compositors ignorant of the language, the work is very well got up. It was sold at 10s—and you meet with a copy in the houses of most of the best-to-do Highlanders in Nova Scotia, and especially in Cape Breton.

The people of the County of Antigonish came mostly from the West Coast Highlands—Arisaig, Knoydart, Moidart, Morar, and Strathglass.

The prevailing names are, consequently, Macdonalds, Chisholms, and Macgillivrays. The population of the county in 1871 was about 15,000, of which about 2,000 live in the town of Antigonish, which is the seat of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Arichat. It contains a college, cathedral, two telegraph offices, a printing office—issuing a weekly newspaper—a bank, several fine shops and hotels. Vessels not drawing more than ten feet can come up the bay, which is a fine inlet of the Gulf of St Lawrence, extending up to the town. At least nine-tenths of the whole population of the county, belong to the Roman Catholic Church, but they live on the most friendly terms with their Presbyterian neighbours. The people are very comfortable, possessing fine farms of their own, specially suited for grazing purposes. Over 1,500 head of cattle, in addition to a large number of horses, are annually exported from the country to Newfoundland; also, large quantities of butter and cheese, and other agricultural produce. The County of Antigonish is now the most Highland in Canada, and hundreds of its inhabitants cannot speak any but the Gaelic language. In the town of Antigonish I met a fine Highlander, James Chisholm, from St Andrews, who insisted upon driving me out seven miles to see another fine old Highlander, a native of Glengarry, the Rev. J. V. Macdonell, parish priest of St Andrews, and an old subscriber to the *Celtic Magazine*. I hesitated at first, but my friend would not be put off, and, as an additional inducement, he offered to drive me in his carriage from St Andrews to Port Mulgrave, a distance of forty miles, on my way to Cape Breton. I could not resist his importunity, and I at last consented. I was naturally curious to know the antecedents of my benefactor, and he informed me on our way, that his grandfather, Thomas Chisholm, resided at Craobh Leabhainn, in Strathglass, and that his own father, Hugh Chisholm, came out here in 1801. We soon arrived at Father Macdonell's house, and found this fine old Highlander preparing to retire for the night, but he soon changed his mind on our arrival; gave me a most hearty welcome; after which we talked for hours about matters Highland. The Rev. Father, though past sixty, never preached an English sermon in his life. I remained two days with him, and there met several truly Celtic fathers, among whom was Father William Chisholm, a genuine Celt, full of Highland history and tradition, and brimful of Gaelic and Irish songs and melodies. My friend, Colin Chisholm, will probably recognise him as *Iar-Ogha do Dhomhnall Gobha*, in Strathglass. Here also I met the Rev. D. J. Mackintosh, P.P., North Sydney, and the Rev. Roderick Grant, P.P., Boisdale, both of Cape Breton; and fine, warm-hearted good looking Highlanders, all of whom treated me with such extreme kindness that I was melted down, and could almost exclaim with Agrippa of old, slightly varied, that "I was almost persuaded to become a Catholic." On Saturday morning, my original friend, James Chisholm, took me in charge to drive me forty miles on to Port Mulgrave, on my way to Cape Breton, and I had to part with my Catholic friends of St Andrews with no small regret. I soon, however, found that I was not yet done with the good fathers. About seven miles farther on, at Heatherton, I was accosted by a tall handsome young man, of six feet four inches and a-half, habilitated like the fathers I had just left behind me. He, Father John Chisholm, learned that I was coming his way that morning, and he prepared a feast. He even went the length of procuring a bottle of Scotch whisky, though

he was an abstainer himself, and had not such a thing in his house for many years before. I must again leave my mellow Highland and Catholic friend, Colin Chisholm, to take charge of the Genealogical department, and make out the ancestors of my kind entertainer. The late Gilleaspuig MacCailean was his maternal grandfather; the late Mr Alex. Macdonell, Judique, Cape Breton, was his maternal granduncle, and his paternal grandfather was Ian Donn MacAlistair Bhric, an Coire nan Cuilean, Strathglass. His father, Ian Mac Ian Duinn, lived during the last six years, before he left his native Strathglass, at Knockfin. The old gentleman was then living, in his 82d year, and called at his son's house while I was there. Before I saw him, I heard a voice in the lobby, proclaiming in good, sonorous Gaelic, the following introduction:—

Bha mi uair an Inbhirnis,
'S mi gun stòras, a's gun mheas,
Fhuair mi gunna, claidhe, 's crìos,
'S thug sud misneachd mhor dhomh.

Exactly a week after, this fine old Highlander died suddenly, without any suffering or pain whatever.

All along this long drive of forty miles, the scenery was very fine, through hills, dales, and mighty forests—the Island of Cape Breton in full view, a few miles on the right, with the Straits of Canso intervening. About half-way on, I called on a Church of England clergyman, the Rev. Angus Macdonald, Bayfield, but did not find him at home. He had written me to Halifax, on seeing my arrival in the papers, to spend a few days with him; but this I found impossible from the limited time at my disposal. I met him, however, accidentally at Antigonish, and found him a very genuine Celt. Late on Saturday night we arrived at the Ferry of Port Mulgrave, and put up with another Highlander, Roderick Macleod, who keeps the best hostelry in the place. Here I met several of my countrymen; and, on Monday, I passed into the Island of Cape Breton, across a ferry about a mile and a-quarter wide. A description of this glorious region must be left for next issue.

The whole of this article may probably appear tedious and, altogether, partaking too much of a personal character; but I found it quite impossible to shew my appreciation of, and illustrate in any other way, the great kindness of my fellow-countrymen in this country—kindness and attention not extended to me merely on personal grounds, but as a Highlander from the old country. The same good feeling would be extended to any other good specimen of the race from the other side, by these warm-hearted, hospitable Celts.

A. M.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

—o—
ANSWERS.

CAITHNESS CAMPBELLS.

IN reply to the query of "Mag." in the October number of the *Celtic Magazine*, I have pleasure in supplying the following information:—William Campbell, Heritable Sheriff Clerk of Caithness, was of the MacIver branch of the clan, and was the eldest son of Donald Campbell or MacIvor, merchant in Thurso. William was baptised 25th October 1647. He had two sisters and two brothers, the younger of the latter being John, baptised 10th April 1672, who received the appointment of Commissary of Caithness, and became proprietor of Castlehill. William was twice married, first to Elizabeth, daughter of James Murray of Pennyland, who bore him one son, Donald, writer in Thurso, who left no issue; and second, to Helen Mowatt, by whom he had six sons, the eldest being James, baptised 6th November 1685, who succeeded his father as Heritable Sheriff-Clerk of Caithness, and who acquired the estate of Lochend, in Dunnott. He was twice married, first to Mary Sinclair of Foras, without issue, and next to Isabella, daughter of the Rev. James Oswald, minister of Watten, of the Auchincruive and Scotstown family. James' son, William of Lochend, was served heir to his father 16th June 1768, but died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother Oswald, served heir 15th March 1770, but who died without issue in 1776, and was succeeded by Alexander Campbell, son of Alexander, whose father was William, second son of William, first Sheriff-Clerk. He sold Lochend in 1778 to Sinclair of Freewick, and as he left no issue it is believed the male line of the family of Donald, father of the Sheriff-Clerk, became extinct. The family are considered to have been cadets of the Quoycrook and Duchernan MacIvers, of whom the Chief was the late Principal Campbell of Aberdeen. They were known sometimes, patronymically as the *MacIvers* *buy*. Other families in Caithness were those of Doray, Brubster, Thurso (younger family), Bralbyne, Shurary, Braehour, Liurary, all connected with the Quoycrook family. Some other families are believed to descend from the MacIver Campbells of Leckmelme in Lochbroom, a family which was long at the head of the MacIvers in Ross-shire, and which ceased to be a landed family towards the close of the 17th century. The last of the family in possession was Murdoch MacIver, served heir to Donald Roy, his father, on 22d December 1663. This Murdoch is alleged to have had a son, Evander, who went to Thurso about 1680, and settled there in trade. Other members of the family are understood to have preceded him, but there are descendants of the family in the Aird, Kilmorack, and Contin. The writer is a descendant of Donald Roy, by his son Alexander (*Alisdair Mac Conuil Roy*), who fought at Worcester, and who subsequently settled in the Aird, where he has still descendants, and who will be heads of the family of Leckmelme failing direct descendants of Evander of Thurso.

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COLONEL REID.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM REID, R.E., K.C.B., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c., died about 1860-5. He entered the Royal Engineers, and served with Sir J. Moore, and through the Peninsular War. He afterwards joined the Spanish Contingent, under Sir de Lacy Evans, where he served with distinction, and was wounded in the neck by a musket ball. The ball was stopped by a silk neckerchief, which he was wearing instead of the military stock, and thus his life was saved. In 1839 or '40 he was appointed Governor of the Bermudas, which he governed so successfully that he was honoured with an extended term of office. His memory is still revered there as "the good Governor;" and after he left, the Legislature voted a sum of money for a monument to commemorate his governorship, and this memorial stands in the gardens of the public buildings, in the shape of a granite obelisk, with a bronze medallion likeness, and inscription. From Bermuda he was advanced to be Governor of Barbadoes and its dependencies. About 1850 he returned to England, and was made Commandant of Engineers at Woolwich, and in 1851 was one of the Commissioners for the Great Exhibition, and Chairman of the Executive Committee. His laborious and useful service obtained for him the warm approval and friendship of the Prince Consort, and largely contributed to the success of the Exhibition. He had previously been nominated to a C.B. (military), and was now made K.C.B. (civil). Shortly afterwards he was Governor of Malta—his last service, I believe. He was author of a, now famous, work on "The Law of Storms," to the completion of which his experience in Bermuda and the West Indies was of material aid. In connection with the theories propounded in this work he acquired the humorous sobriquet of "a Reid shaken by the wind." General Reid married early a daughter of General Fyers, R.A. (an old Waterloo soldier). He left no son, but several daughters, all of whom married—viz., the eldest, — to Colonel Halliwell, C.B., 20th Regiment, who served with distinction in the Crimea; Maria married Captain Hore, R.N., some time Naval Attaché at Paris; Elizabeth, Charlotte, and Grace, all married.

THE ETRICK SHEPHERD IN MULL.—This is how the Etrick Shepherd expressed himself after settling with his Mull boatman—

I have sailed round the creeks and the headland of Mull;
 Her vales are uncultured, unhalloved, and weedy;
 Her mountains are barren—her haven is dull;
 Her sons may be brave, but they're cursedly greedy.

These lines were written in an album kept in one of the local inns. A native, on seeing them, promptly wrote the following underneath them—

Ah! Shepherd of Etrick! why sorely complain
 Though the boatmen were greedy for grog?
 The beauties of Staffa, by this you proclaim,
 Were pearls cast away on a Hog.

ORAN LEANNANACHD.

Lively.

Cha'n fhaigh thu uam pog, Ge b' oil le do shroin;
Sguir! buailidh mi dorn 's a' chair-eon ort!

Cha'n fhaigh thu uam pog, Ge b' oil le do shroin;
Sguir! buailidh mi dorn 's a' chair-ean ort!

Chorus.

A righ! leig dhachaidh gu m' mhathair mi,
Sguir dhìom, a shladaidh ga m' shar-ach-adh!

A righ leig dhachaidh gu m' mhathair mi.

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: t,	d : - : d	m : f : m	r : - : d	d : -

Mur leig thu dhomh tamh,
Gu'n glaoth mi cho ard
'S gu'n tig euid de m' chairde 'amalas thu.
Seall! a' shìomb thu mo dhorn,
Is chaill mi mo bhrog,
Is shrachd thu mo chota—'s narach dhut.
Nach sguir thu, 's bi falbh,—
Gur boidheach, gu dearbh,
Le d' obair, an dealbh a dh' fhag thu orm!

Sin! bhris thu mo chìr!
Do ghonadh 'ad chridh'!
Leig as mi, no chì mo bhrathair sinn.
Seall, a' Eochan Mòr
Gu h-ard air an torr!
Dean agur dhìom, ne innsidh e'm mhathair [e.
Leig cead domh, 's thoir ort
Gu Seonaid nan enoc,
Gu bheil i fo sreachd o'n dh' fhag thu i.